

CAVALCADE

JUNE 1946 1/-

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Cavalcade

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Salt OF THE EARTH

Faking a gold-mine is not difficult. But avoiding detection is.

MICHAEL O'SHANE

IN the good old days, when men were men, gold was to be had for the mere scratching of the surface of the ground with a pick, often with even less trouble than that.

It was not worth while, then, to rack the brain for some new method of plucking the pigeon. Generally, too, the pigeon who came within the reach of the diggers had no plumage. Even if he had, or could get some, the work involved in decorating a duffer mine, and the risk involved, were rarely compensated for by the reward.

Sinking a shaft on an adjoining claim was generally more profitable and much easier. Besides, the first blow of the pick by the earler might easily turn the supposed dud into a bonanza.

Nevertheless, on the authority of C. E. Herzig, a mining man of international experience, in his "Mine Sampling and Valuing," salting (or doctoring the value) of mines is as ancient an art as mining itself.

Early Australian efforts, however, were directed mainly to small deals to get a stake for further prospecting, rather than to serious respect in a design of large-scale swindling.

When big money became involved and necessary for development by machinery and plant in the deeper mining of the middle gold era, the pickings became worth while to make the game a business. The ingenuity of the salter was then taxed to its uttermost to meet the competition of the looser investigating brain of the mining engineer.

Despite the advancement of science during the past eighty years, there seems to be little progress in complexity in the ruses adopted in salting a mine. The keynotes of success is the novelty of the trick, for its success is still simplicity, although occasionally misdirected genius may seek its fortune in that avenue.

So rampant was salting in the last quarter of the nineteenth and the first decade of this century,

that the English investing public were prone to rank Australian goldminers in the same category as the rich uncle from Fiji.

Do not confuse the mine salter with the straight-out confidence man, despite the fame some Australians have earned in the latter field in England and on the continent. The salter has something to sell, even if it is a worthless hole in the ground, but as the legal doctrine of "caveat emptor" (let the buyer beware) may easily apply in the absence of proved fraud, the salter must be prepared for investigation, the more stringent if the stakes are high.

England, whence came the biggest pickings, was a fruitful field for exploitation. The layout involved time, money, and hard labor, which latter requisite is an anathema to the usual ran of "con" men.

Take the case of Jones, Smith and Brown, who, having prospecting for a year, had put in six months' work on a reef with scarcely a color to show for it. They would have to walk out broke, or sell, if they could find anyone fool enough to buy.

A glowing report was sent to London to Green, an acquaintance there. He gave an option to buy for £10,000. The purchasing syndicate were not nice, trusting chaps; they insisted on obtaining an independent report.

Smithers, a mining engineer, cast a critical eye over the tailings and dump when he arrived. He considered that it was a dud, but decided that since he was here, he might as well go through it, anyway.

The diggers were on their mettle, if they did not show results, they were broke. They got their first setback when the sampler refused to accept sample-bags which Smith had offered, but they knew that they could recover the gold dust which they had put into the seams and corners of those bags later.

In their anxiety they made another initial mistake when they tried to mislay the sampling-mat. Without a mat, the samples would have been shovelled up from the floor along the junction with the wall. The time they had spent planting some rich ore along that line was now wasted, for the specimens clipped from the face would drop on to the mat, not to the floor.

"What about putting some charges in here and there, and take your samples from that," suggested Brown. "It would be easier."

"Dynamite's barred for sampling now. You ought to know that," replied Smithers. He knew of the "gold-dust in the charge" stunt.

There were quite a few other underground tricks of which Smithers had to beware. A subtly varnish might be loaded, but against that, the gold in it might be free gold "in situ"; it would not be fair to discard it completely. He was suspicious of rich patches of solid quartz, particularly if they were out of the "run of the gold." He recognized one as having been shot on the face with a gold-loaded cartridge fired from a revolver.

The sampler's eyes could not flag for one instant, either under-

FASHION doesn't tell for the winner, tells you can want to work and to a quiet dinner and show afterwards. There aren't many suits so ideally designed for this purpose as is the little item in May **TRUE STORY**. An advance fashion look from **TRUE STORY** magazine, the magazine devoted to the home and family. This suit is a special **TRUE STORY** feature.

The fashion page is just one of the interesting highlights in **TRUE STORY**.

party at the test, but he could fault himself nowhere. He cabled the result to London, but advised against a full cash payment and urged a further test by another expert.

But the time limit of the option was running out and negotiations eventually resulted in £4,000 cash and £6,000 (face value) in shares to the vendee, with Smith under contract as manager. The sheet price, listed at two shillings during the long driving operations, started to jump on receipt of the manager's glowing reports.

The public went mad as, within a few days, the price sky-rocketed to £30, with no sellers. Suddenly, large parcels of shares came on to the market. The price slumped to £20, then raced up again before the London principals realized that the vendor's shares were being disposed of. They cabled for another test, meantime requesting the Exchange to suspend quotation.

The sampling, carried out by Smithers and two other experts, showed less than four pennyweight to the ton; but Smith, Jones and Brown had already belted. It was Brown, breaking down under questioning after his arrest on a boat about to sail for South America, who gave the explanation of the high assay in the first test.

Having been foiled in all their attempts to sell, both in the mine itself and during transit to the train, they had bribed a railway employee. When Smithers had dosed during the trip, this man had injected a gold solution into the samples.

Next to test boring for oil,

where one drop of oil can show traces in many subsequent borings, gold is one of the easiest minerals to salt. Randolph Bedford, in his story, "Billy Pagan, Mining Engineer," states that there are 249 different ways of salting a mine, while Horng claims that there are one hundred excellent methods of doing the job, but only ninety-nine ways of detecting a salt. The trouble for the operator comes in determining which one of the hundred is likely to succeed.

Nowadays, however, the difficulties of the get-rich-quick merchant are multiplied by other factors, not the least of which is the inability of subscribers with respect to false, careless, or misleading statements in a prospectus. That calls for far greater care than formerly in testing the claims made before the public is invited to apply for shares.

Increasing knowledge of rogues, the licensing of mine managers, and the possibility of State investigation are further deterrents, while the activity of the

Stock Exchange in suspending quotation of doubtful undertakings, has proved a formidable handicap to the salter snaring the reward for his ingenuity.

In the first years before the commencement of the World War, N.S.W. experienced two notable cases of salting, but one of the most sensational share price booms in Australian history occurred just after the close of the Great War.

In an orgy of frenzied buying, resulting from inked reports, the price sky-rocketed from a few shillings per share to well over the thousand pound mark in the course of a few days, only to collapse even more quickly than it had risen.

Fortunes were made and lost in minutes in that stampede.

The good old days of salting in Australia have passed for ever, it seems. If you must dabble in gold, the prospecting dish and pick are perhaps a surer way to fortune, and much safer, unless you are anxious to become a guest of His Majesty over an extended period.



hair

That Changed History



A thoughtful dissertation on the subject of facial herbage.

A GOOD time ago it used to be rather a popular pastime among wilsons to desert from their ships and to conceal their identities by growing beards. The consequent rule for navy men that they must get permission "to grow," and that the growth must remain a fixture for a minimum number of weeks, is still in force.

The Army is not so rigid about it — you can cultivate a moustache or remove it at will, so long as it is a lip length, and not a little square affair like Chaplin's. But the Army will not have beards or untrimmed hair — for the quite different reason that these provide a breeding place for "livestock."

Against the strong practical reason for these army and navy rules the action of the German King of Bavaria in 1838 seems silly, as it was, indeed. For in August of that year all the newspapers in his kingdom carried the royal edict that civilians must not, on any pretext at all, wear moustaches. Offending parties were to be caught and shaved.

Even stranger than the thought that such a royal edict should go forth in Europe a year after Victoria became queen of England, is the fact that there were no arrests, moustaches disappeared like leaves from the autumn trees, and there were no complaints about it!

Peter the Great, over a hundred years earlier, had done a similar thing in Russia, with equal success — at a time when most Europeans were clean-shaven he demanded that Russians shave their own beards. The Russians then wore beards proudly to show that they were indeed Russians; they were proud of the distinction. Nevertheless, as there was a fine to be paid by beard-wearers every time they passed the gate of a city, the edict was obeyed. And in this Peter, imposing a fine, had been stronger than the priesthood, which for fifteen hundred years tried to keep Christendom clean-shaven, threatening heretic men with hell. But priestly threats of hell weren't nearly as effective as kingly fines!

All of this simply belongs to

the gossip column stuff — the addities on the fringe of the real and sinister truth about men's hair styles and their influence in history.

Perhaps the biggest single change wrought by hair is intimately bound up with the histories of England and France and the long and bloody battles between them.

Eleanor started it; gay, brightly, pleasure-seeking, sensuous Eleanor of Guienne, whose beauty and wit won the heart of King Louis VII of France, and made her a queen.

Louis, as bright and vivid a character as his wife, was destined to be wrecked by a lock of hair, however — and nobody else's hair but his own. For as Louis listened to the fulminations of the priests against the vanity of long, curly hair ("Long hair is a shame unto a man," St. Paul said) the royal conscience began to prick, and King Louis obeyed the voice of the priests and had his hair close-shaven.

Eleanor was appalled. She pleaded and remonstrated with him. All his courtiers, saddened at his submission to the priesthood, joined their voices in pleading with him. But the thing had really taken hold of Louis, and not only did he have his hair shaven, but he turned from that time, towards an austere mode of life which his gay queen, Eleanor, found singularly unattractive.

Eleanor accused her king of aping the monks, and Louis didn't like that. The royal Couple began to drift apart, and Eleanor consoled herself with the long-haired and gayer members of the court. Finally, her unfaithfulness to her shaven and indifferent lord

was proven, and they were divorced.

This was the first step in a tragedy that was to last for centuries; for Eleanor held vast properties in her own right, and when Louis cut off his hair, he set only out off his queen, but her great estates as well.

But the tragedy of the impoverished king was only one step. Eleanor might well console herself for an odd evening with a courtier, but she had no intention of remarrying a commoner; once a queen, she thought, always a queen. So she cast about among the crowned heads of Europe for somebody to wed, and she picked on King Henry II of England.

Now the laws of property are inextinguishable. After all, Dr. Samuel Johnson's objections to the unfaithfulness of women were based on the fact that once a wife had been unfaithful the heirs of the family estate were always open to question. It was by these laws of inheritance that, when Henry took unto England and himself the delightful Queen Eleanor, he also took unto England and himself her estates above-mentioned.

So the outcome of the shaving of King Louis's hair was the great enrichment of England. The only complication was that the property was not portable. In effect, England now had vast estates in France — a question so complicated that the only answer to it was war.

The English sovereigns who followed Henry inherited the title to these estates and because of this their involvement in France was so strong that long and bloody wars

TO THE GIRL IN THE TELEPHONE BOOTH

O, constant are the ageless stars,
Unchangeable the Sphinx,
But for longevity I'll take
Your incredible larvae
O, constant are the bonds of love,
These, time will never sever,
More constant still your inner speech,
For it goes on forever
O, constant are all Nature's gifts,
Around us, like forgiveness,
Sung—
But against all these I'll
Always beak
The constancy of your tongue

between the two nations persisted for a very long time. The whole relationship of the two nations of the period of modern European history has been profoundly influenced by these customs — and all because of a head of long, shimmering royal locks.

The argument thus far is clear! except for the mystery surrounding the actual cause of it all, namely, the fact that Louis wore long hair, and that, if that was the fashion, the length of hair should matter, anyway.

But length of hair has mattered greatly in history, ever since St. Paul's dictum that it is a shame for a man to be long-haired. For century after century in the Christianizing of Europe priests preached against long hair; and men of

many nations swathed in their beds, torn between the desire to keep their hair and the priestly injunction to lose it.

But the fashion in Europe was for kings to wear long hair as a mark of distinction, just as peacocks showed themselves to the sun, the bald spot (artificially created) on the crown of the head.

All of this seems trivial enough now. But after all, a badge of kingship was no small thing — and the priest who could order its removal and get away with it was a powerful man. So the fight became long and bitter, and hair became the symbol of a principle.

Hair style was, at the time of the Norman conquest of England, largely a mark of nationality. The Saxons, who were being dispossessed of England, were long-haired and bearded; the Normans under William the Conqueror were short-haired, and William himself clean-shaven.

After the conquest was over and England had changed hands, the Saxons continued their growth of hair and beard to distinguish themselves from their overlords — they did not love the Normans and as many a Norman was beaten up at night, long hair or a beard, or both, offered a frequent passport to safety.

The Christian clergy, with their objection to long hair, had a special cause for quarrel with the Saxons for this reason; and there is the strange story of Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, who used to carry a small knife in his pocket. Whenever a long-haired man knelt for Wulfstan's blessing, the priest whipped out the knife and severed

a lock of hair, which he threw into the face of the suppliant with a stern warning not to do it again. Wulfstan became a saint.

Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, revived a then ancient law making an excommunicate an outlaw of anybody who wore long hair — but the royal court grew its hair in defiance of Anselm's edict, to prove to England that no law mattered that the king did not make.

The antagonism developed between the Archbishop and the king was so strong that, when Anselm died, no successor was appointed immediately. So it is, because of a law about hair style promulgated by the church, there are five years of British history in which there was no Archbishop of Canterbury.

No doubt, frivolous though these quarrels seem today, they were of real importance to the people who fought about them.

It was Alexander the Great who realized that, in hot-to-foot combat, a beard was a very useful handle by which to hold a soldier

while you cut off his head — and it was to prevent this that Alexander ordered all beards to be removed, and marched his smooth-faced army through the world.

Yet, sound though his reason, it is completely opposed by the savage sense of noblest obligation in a North American Indian tribe, where warriors make a point of wearing a long lane "chishous lock" of hair on their heads. Their idea is simply that if they are caught and beaten at battle, there should be some hold for their vanquisher while he lops off their conquered heads!

The stocks of beards and hair in every walk of life is subject worthy of long discussion: from purely domestic episodes to international incidents, hair has figured importantly. It was the cause of Sermon's downfall at the hands of Delilah — and when the English King Charles I was beheaded at Whitehall, his executioner sold as souvenirs of the event nothing more nor less than locks of the royal hair, clipped from the div emboded head!





BILLY MOLONEY

WHAT'S funny?

You tell me, and I'll leave by the next boat to get a job with Bob Hope at five hundred a week . . . Or, better still — if you know the magic answer you can take the job and the ride yourself.

Free laughs are as elusive as love — you never know you've hit it till it hits you.

No sooner does an apparently safe formula for humor appear than fashions change with the times, and yesterday's joke falls as flat as yesterday's beer. Today's new joke sparkles like champagne — but I must admit there's a lot of platitudinous plunk about.

Let's try to trace the trends of humor.

First acknowledged funny man of this era was Josh Billings, who had 'em in stitches around 1873. And Josh had this to say about comic reaction:

"Also fun is designed for the gullible and ethics for the few, it is an art as well as a science that most all subjects have their bell weather, people who show the others

There's much more in the telling of a joke than meets the ear.

the crack where the joker cums laffin in."

Josh got his laughs by misspelling, a sort of ribbidity through visibility.

Then came the stand-by of all modern actors — the Bible of the Boards, or the Thompson's Thesaurus — the Joe Miller Annual. Vaudeville acts could get complete routines from its pages — "guaranteed belly laffs" like the following:

"I was standing in a department store. A lady asked me if I was a floor walker. I said: 'Yes, I am married with two kids!'"

Example Number Two —

"Have you a pair of shoes suitable for this boy?"

"French kid?"

"No! He's my son — born right here in Chicago!"

At this stage it is presumed that the ushers had to stop 'em from rolling in the aisles.

With the silent picture came a new form of humor . . . the subtile writer. He relied on subtle smiles and waggish wit, e.g.—

"Mary wore strict car dresses.

They held on tight going round the curves."

Then the deluge — talkies and the radio — in which at first it was hard to separate gag and gab, but the gag gab didn't always put the writers under for wit extraction.

You've seen pictures and heard radio shows aptely when you've said you could write better gags yourself. Have a go sometime. An undertakers' convention is a hysterical frolic compared with a gag writers' meeting. Comedy is a most unfunny business.

I used to sit in on a gag conference for a well-known radio show. My two associates were self-avowed psychopathic cases under treatment for mental instability. They were as depressed that they wouldn't even laugh at their own jokes . . . and that's a bad sign. Thank heavens I haven't sunk so low!

What's funny?

Maybe the first thing to find out is what makes a joke tick.

Few people have made a closer analysis of humor than the late Stephen Leacock, who claimed that even we could be humorous. He quotes this example:

A judge, noted for his gentle ness to defendants, asked the contrite and broken man before him, "Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?"

"No, your Honor," said the prisoner, and burst into tears.

"There, there, don't cry," said the Judge, "you're going to be right now."

Leacock also disputes the scientific contention that Man is the only laughing animal. Laughter, he

describes as a physiological track carried down from our monkey days, and that the toothy chattering of champs, gossies and similes similes is just a polite sagger at the foolish conventions we have endured since we left the fun of the forest.

Psychologists claim that a funny story lends the hearer towards a plausible goal and then, by a sudden twist, lands him just where he didn't expect to go. Yale professors experimented on 15 babies under a year old to find out what made them laugh.

This was the big guffaw: having got the babies in a confident, happy mood, the professors swung the babies out towards their mothers' arms, and just before they arrived at that blissful destination, yanked them suddenly back. The babies gurgled deliciously at the joke.

The unexpected appealed to them. Frustration that doesn't hurt . . . discomfort that can't be taken seriously . . . that's comedy!

On the other hand, that sinful skunk, W. C. Fields, said he had discovered one secret of comedy in a scene where he spent 18 minutes making ready to hit a gold bell and retired without ever hitting it. It was his funniest act and he came to the conclusion that "The funniest thing a comedian can do is not to do it," or in the fabulous words of Sam Goldwyn, "Include it out."

If timing is the essence of story telling, then time is also an important part of comedy. Topicalities are always good for a laugh, which proves that there is something new under the sun.

Take, for instance, the Hollywood star who was making a blood

THE patient was obviously suffering from stomach ulcers, and the doctor warned him that the most important factor in treatment was total abstinence. The patient agreed to carry out his orders, but asked for a reason which he could give to his wife for being on the water wrapper.

The doctor, himself a married man, and therefore aware of the consequences which could befall the patient if the latter were to carry home the true story, considered the question carefully. Then:

"Tell her," said the doctor, "that you are suffering from syphilis. That should satisfy her."

The other followed his advice, but when his wife asked him the meaning of "syphilis," he was unable to tell her. Later, she looked up the word in the dictionary. It was defined thus: "Irregular movement from bar to bar."

donation to the Red Cross. "Don't take it all," he cautioned the doctor. "Remember I've got to give 10 per cent to my agent!"

That gag would not have been possible before blood transfusion, though, of course, agents have always been with us. Didn't Eve start off on a percentage from Adam?

But topicalities are not without their dangers: for instance, Bob Hope quotes the wastage of war jokes. "I would say, frankly," says Bob, "that radio comedians as a whole have \$150,000 tied up in useless wartime jokes. In fact, I understand that one comic, desperate over his loss, has been writing poison pen letters to Molotov in the hopes of stirring up a third world war that he can fit his old war routines into."

Hope says that it cost Warners a wasted four thousand dollars to teach Errol Flynn to "shoot legs," and that another studio had five hundred dollars tied up in bar-knife knives alone.

Then there are the epidemic

types of humor, "The Little And-roys," "Knock-Knocks," etc. Pre-occupied by war, the servants of silliness and researchers of ribidity has given us nothing new to giggle about in recent years.

An American droll named Colonel Stoopangle is getting miles of smiles with Madmen Spammerians with such stories as "The Loose that Gaid the Olden Gegg." It starts off this way:

"Back in the not too postant dist, a certied mapple were murtate chuff to possoss a Gegg which laid an old Gegg every dingle way of the sack."

And every anecdote is a May with a Storal.

Dammit all! He's got me doing it now . . .

Gags are geographical, too. A Sydney stricker is marthous in Melbourne and a luff in London is a flop in France.

But the lovely gag is doing much to bring about internationalism.

The English call a compere the Master of Ceremonies. Bob Hope was on the air for the B.B.C. with

an English announcer, who asked him if he was the compere of the programme. Bob said: "Compere! What kind of racket is that?" The announcer said, "Well, in England the compere is a Master of Ceremonies — a comedian." Bob replied, "Well, in America we comedians don't compare." The English announcer said, "You're telling me!"

Of course there are other kinds of humor, but these will be sent to you on application in a plain wrapper.

Bob Hope and Jack Benny are the best example of the difference in screen and radio comedy. Their screen gags get big laughs, but they are not so fresh and subtle as their radio wisecracks. The reason is that screen humor appeals to the eye and the ear; you get the gag both ways. The screen

gag can be a chestnut or corny, but its visibility carries it through. On the air every word has to carry its share of the laugh.

Olsen and Johnson pin their faith to the visible, or "prop" gag, on the when-in-doubt-squirt-the-guy-with-a-syphon principle. You may call it slapstick, but it slaps you in the eye first and sticks in your funny bone after.

Personally, I think that the key-stone of all comedy is the personal bias.

It is only mildly funny to hear that a horse is called "Bustle" because it's always at the rear, but it is the telling it becomes Bing Crosby's horse, then it's a different matter.

So there you are. It appears that the main ingredients of a gag are Unexpectendness, Topicality and Personality.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

No 17

A New Industry For

Australia



SENATOR JOHN ARMSTRONG

Now is the time to plan a bold campaign to promote "tourism."

IN Canada, before the war, Mr. Lambie, Director of the N.S.W. Tourist Bureau, was interviewed by pressmen and one article covering his remarks was headlined: "Man from Hot Country Talks of Snow?"

Last year a party of international skiers visited Kosciuszko. They were men of the Royal Navy, and Canadians, who had spent a good deal of time sampling the best skiing resorts in the world. Unanimously they acclaimed Kosciuszko as first class and, furthermore, they expressed amazement that Australia possessed any skiing resorts at all.

These are but two instances which reveal lack of knowledge concerning Australia.

The days of wartime traffic are ending and, relatively soon, the peoples of the world who have worked without stint for six long years will be seeking compensating enjoyment; ships, whose destiny it was to transport the men and

machines of war will be available to tourists; long-distance aircraft will again be used to carry business folk from one country to another.

How will Australia fare in this immense migration of pleasure-and-business-seekers?

In the past, Australia has not attracted great numbers of tourists because, firstly, we have never striven hard enough to promote or prepare our country as a playground and, secondly, because of its comparatively nearness from the capital of the world.

No longer can we afford to keep secret the advantages our country offers to tourists. As a result of the war, Australia is no longer a rather big spot on the map of the world; British, American, and Dutch fighting men have carried home stories praising our climate and our pleasure resorts.

Tourists will arrive, in the main, by luxury liner. For some

weeks they will have enjoyed the best of accommodation, the best of service. By contrast with such excellent conditions, our Australians suffer badly. That, then, should be our first aim: to offer our visitors accommodation equal to that of the most luxuriously-appointed ship to come here.

First class hotel accommodation is of primary interest. Hotels in Australia today, except in isolated instances, would be regarded as third or even fourth class hotels in other parts of the world.

With the architect league laws administered by seven different State Government Departments, the hotel trade has found it impossible to invest its money in first class residential hotels when, as we see in Melbourne, it is prohibited to have a drink served in one's room after 6 p.m. at night, and when all drinks must be off the dining tables at 8 p.m. This regulation is rapidly observed.

In N.S.W. drinking after 6 p.m. except in the dining room, is at this writing illegal; in fact, to have tea or coffee on licensed premises after 6 p.m. is against the law. Fortunately this is one law which is not rigidly enforced.

I feel it should be Government responsibility, possibly in collaboration with private enterprise, to complete a plan of first class tourist residential hotels throughout Australia. I can think of no better standard of comparison in this respect than the services provided by the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian National Railways — two systems which, although competitive, share the routes and many of the stations, while still

continuing to be highly successful from the economic aspect.

Canada invests 10 million dollars a year in the industry which she terms "tourism." In return, she receives 150 million dollars annually in tourist business, apart from the tremendous dividends gained in prestige and international recognition — two intangibles, but very practical factors which cannot be overlooked.

In pre-war times, this represented nearly 70 per cent of the Dominion's foreign exchange.

To give some idea of the extent of the tourist trade in Canada I would point out that in 1942, 13,000,000 Americans went across the border to spend their money in Canada's tourist resorts. This year, the Canadian Government has ordered for 20,000,000 to come from America to spend their money in Canada. If only Australia could share some of this inexhaustible tourist wealth our financial problems would become much easier.

Travel by CPR and CNR is a luxury which, to Australians who have experienced only local facilities, can be no more than a dream. Parlor observation coaches, comfortable sleeping berths, private drawing room accommodation, . . . luxurious dining cars and splendid cuisine . . . these features ball the tourist into a frame of mind which makes the primary object — sightseeing — immeasurably more enjoyable.

And — this brings me back to accommodation — the two companies maintain a chain of magnificent hotels stretching from coast to coast. The Empress at Victoria, B.C., the Hotel Vancouver, the

Chateau Laurier at Ottawa, and the Chateau Frontenac at Quebec, afford a sharp contrast to Australian facilities. There is a sound reason for their establishment; for they are a cunning enticement to the tourist to break the journey in order to visit a local place of interest.

As I have indicated, Canada's return from her 10 million dollar annual tourist investment is immense. An annual internal expenditure of £1,000,000 for the promotion of 'tourism' in Australia — that is, an investment in tourist equipment and accommodation — will bring equally handsome dividends in British sterling and American dollars.

Let us again take Kosciuszko as a basis for comparison. The erection of an Alpine village at Charlotte Pass and another at Piper's Gap would enable us to accommodate, say, 100,000 tourists. The ideal in the designing of these townships would necessarily be high, and I can think of no better models than the towns of St. Moritz (Switzerland) and Innsbruck (Austria).

My Royal Navy friends, whom I mentioned earlier, are sure that in natural advantages, Kosciuszko offers skiers as much as these two Continent resorts; I have also been assured that the trout fishing grounds located conveniently close are equal to Scotland's best.

Here, indeed, is a spot to be developed and sold on the world market!

The finest European skiing places are under Army occupation, and are closed to tourists; enthusiasts are looking further afield to

satisfy their love of the sport. We may be able to induce them to visit Australia — when, of course, transport is again available.

Many of our visitors will arrive by landplane, and as good as our airports are, we must admit that the approach to the city is unattractive.

For inspiration in this regard, I turn, reluctantly, to the late Dict. To construct the *Pia Roma*, miles of houses, factories, and offices were demolished at the cost of millions of pounds. The result must serve as a model for all who would have roads serve more purpose than mere carrying of traffic. From the aesthetic point of view, I know of no other highway comparable to *Pia Roma*. If Mussolini could construct such a road, we could reasonably follow his example for the few short miles which separate our landscapes from our cities. And, incidentally, the demolition of at least portion of the houses in the process would in itself be a worthy cause, for the replacement of the houses would be a naturally corollary to the plan.

In my mind's eye, I see a long, straight, double-width highway flanked by trees, down the centre of which are specially designed shops and outdoor cafes. (And for those who refuse to believe that such cafes are impracticable on highways, remember that the road would be *desolate*.)

I am particularly glad to see the Government's plan to spend £4,000,000 on Kingsford Smith Aerodrome. The project has reached such a stage that soon the Kingsford Smith Aerodrome at Mascot (Sydney) will rank with

the best of its kind in the world.

Construction of the highway from Mascot to Sydney with the close airport of Botany Bay to take the largest flying boats would make Sydney the most accessible by air of the great cities of the world.

Australia's future sporting activities will be a further means of attracting visitors, and I was greatly impressed by the proposal of the Lord Mayor of Sydney to build an ultra-modern swimming pool in the heart of the city. The total expenditure on the scheme will be £100,000, of which £25,000 will be used in the purchase of the site.

This should be the first of many such swimming pools to grace the city of Sydney.

An important feature of the proposal is that it will be located so that it will not encroach on the parklands of the city, and will thus add to Sydney's recreation areas. Even more pertinent is a Melbourne scheme to build an Olympic Stadium to hold 50,000 spectators. An artist's impression of

the arena shows an indoor sports field and an indoor swimming pool. But the most impressive feature, to my mind, are the inclusion of outdoor refreshment gardens and an underground car park.

The whole proposal affords an idea of the manner in which our city fathers are no longer thinking in parochial terms, and are preparing plans with a consciousness of international comparison.

Mr. Roughley, of the N.S.W. Fisheries, has just returned from America where he exhibited a 16 mm. colored film of the Great Barrier Reef. He reports incredible, intense enthusiasm and interest in this part of Australia. The hundreds of miles of sandy beaches are an inducement that no other country in the world can offer. The cheapness and kindness and thrills of surf bathing, and the glamour that can be attached to it in our overseas advertising, should bring thousands to this country.

Tourists will come here — that is certain. Let us be sure that when they arrive, our facilities will be equal to the natural attractions.





The criminal who bears a tattoo is Nature's gift to detectives.

JEFF MITCHELL

DIED

A MAN IS AS DEEP AS HE'S

WHEN somebody asked the eminent criminologist, Laszlo Nagy, what he thought about the penchant of criminals for tattooing their bodies, he said: "The subjects which embellish the skin of a man are an infallible indication of his character, his morals, and his mode of life, and generally betray the profession cheap at the outset of his career." And, during a disquisition on the subject of X marks the spot and pinpoints the criminal, that other great man, Professor Lombroso, held that tattooing was a sign of degeneracy: a reversion to the savage.

It seems as if he is right, for the cause cannot be anywhere else than deep in human atavism, supplemented by the instinctive faculty of man and that envy which provides him with the stimulus of emulation.

Otherwise, why would a criminal be so foolish as to provide himself with an infelicitous stigma of identification? How else would you explain the questions that might be asked by the simplest mind? Why does the man, by tattooing, give away the country of

which he is a native? Why does he keep a living record of his special class of work?

Because of the propensity and manomania of criminals for tattooing, the police work of every country in the world is made easier. Thousands of photographs have been filed and classified. Go to the Modus Operandi section of the Sydney C.I.B., and ask to see any criminal's Peculiarity Card. It carries detailed and accurate information; so that you will see marked down deformities such as harelip, cleft palate, cauliflower ears, birthmarks, scars, speech impediments, and tattoo marks.

A woman is walking along a dark street. In the next instant a strangling hand is hooped around her neck and even at the beginning of her shock and consternation, she feels her handbag snatched from her fingers, and the thief has disappeared into the darkness. She knows nothing about him. But she has glimpsed, not distinguished, a tattoo on his wrist. It is a big lead. The police experts look up their cards, turn to the tattoo file, whose index carries the names of all

known malefactors thus branded, and by this means reduce the hundreds of footpads and bag snatchers to a few suspects.

The Australian criminal is not so much addicted to tattoos as are his counterparts in other lands of the globe. Nor does he provide as much as some, an absolute clue as to his nationality. By Australian, I mean the stock of the British, Irish and Scots settler in this land, and not the astounded foreigners. Many of these foreigners go in for tattooing in a big way, but that does not mean they are all criminals. A man is not necessarily a criminal because he is tattooed. I once knew a Greek with the Medusa twined all over his chest, and a polynesian symbolism in red and blue on his back, but he was nothing more than a singing seller of fish and chips.

But another time I saw the blunt, dark hand of a seely Italian in Ipswich, and I asked what was the meaning of the minute seven-pointed star between his index finger and right thumb. He told me to mind my own business, or I might find out in a way I didn't like. When I later found out it was a sign of the Mafia secret society, I was inclined to think he meant what he said. Members of the Camorra have a crescent with a little dot in the centre, but the Black Hand uses the letters M.N. — meaning *more negro*.

Police have found that the majority of burglars and footpads were once respectable members of age-old professions. They were mechanics, carpenters, or locksmiths. And when they switched over to the promise of easy money and the

shadow of goal bars, they proved that there was still sentiment in business, in one aspect, at least. Most of them have tattoos on their forearms the representative tools of their trade.

Scowling safe breakers and dealers in robbery under arms have been hauled in bearing the earmarks of their former professions. The tongs, anvil and hammer testify to the smith. Ships and anchors speak of the high seas and the sailor. A pair of dumb-bells is the probable give away of an acrobat, ex-wrestler or strong man who, also sometimes carries a tough, padding muscled replica of himself in tight.

In France, you can travel the whole length and breadth of it, travel out its entire scum of apaches and servits and eat your hat if you find one that is not tattooed. These are the most tattooed people in the civilised world, as a whole and individually. It is not uncommon to find among them as well a brigade, a *bragadonna* just at punishment.

When they brought the notorious Dupont in, they found on the back of his neck a dotted line and this direction: "To sever the head, cut along this line." The gallotine is a favorite theme, and apaches have been caught with the machine traced on their backs and the words: "Here's where I shall finish."

But the men who really make the ban for tattooing are the French Legionnaires, and the African regulars. Their bodies are covered with an amazing and grotesque variety of design, ranging from scenes of the East and Arab

**PARDON ME, BUT I MUST GET BACK TO MY
MEDICINE CHEST**

June is the month of golf-like breezes,
Likewise the month of coughs and sneezes—
The time when foul and fell diseases,
Prompt ladies to don their woollen chemises
June is the month when noses are blown,
And corncup balls into bags are sewn,
And boys through their nasal organs intone,
Ah! June is the month I come into my own!
For 'tis then that a cough my poor body wracks,
Spurred by the germs in my ill-used thrax,
And how I enjoy such dreadful attacks!
Sing a psalm to June, my co-hypochondriac!

—W.G.D.

torture to Spanish dancers and frightful battle pictorializations. Sentimental words go side by side with excruciating self-pity. A criminal in the French Penal Army, among depictions of ladies and dogs, stars and palms had tattooed on his chest heads of Foch and other generals with the inscription: "Hate all men." Another, a Legionnaire, had a lion-shooting scene side by side with a crucifixion.

The German *verbrecher* — the lowest dregs of thugdom in Deutschland — generally prefers acrid designs of a military and obscene nature, while the criminal in Spain swaggers around with a skink of matadors, picadors, roscadores, bullfights, and mutilated women of the dance.

From what has been said it is obvious that the nationality of a man is readily ascertained from

the pictures decorating his body; and in the majority of cases he carries around an indelible dossier of his past life.

Professional tattooers in European countries have a large clientele among the criminal element and mental degenerates, who take themselves to the seaport or alleyway specialist, and submit in a sort of immolation to pleasure, vanity and sentiment to the mud-dive and painful process. Usually the tattooer shaves the part to be done, and taking his one or several needles with their long handles, traces of the design on the skin. If he is more conscientious, he takes a piece of tissue paper and places the picture over it, punctures along the lines. He is very careful not to draw blood. Then come the colors — vermilion, Indian ink, or triturated charcoal bleat with

water, which he rubs into the needle wounds. Inflammation sets in and the man gets around in a state of suppuration. For a time you can see nothing but a scab; then the mark is left visible, but much distorted. In time it will contract into its own perfect shape.

Criminals have often realized they are paradoxically on the side of the police, and have made efforts to have their tattoos eradicated by bleaching. This is unsatisfactory — for the criminal. He can get his marks made invisible to the human eye, but he can't fool the camera or the microscope, even after years of bleaching.

Men who can do the job successfully are sought after by the tattooed underworld; and the invention of some eradicant would make a fortune for its owner. A French doctor, Variot, could destroy the pigment, by sprinkling the design, and rubbing over it a solution of nitrate of silver, followed by tanning, but the process was most painful, and the scar which

finally remained was as much an identification tag.

Once, three penitents from the African penal settlement put tattoo to a strange, exigent use. They murdered a wealthy Arab dwelt, were caught and imprisoned. Some years later the police found two of them dead in Paris, with pieces of skin cut from their tattooed backs. An investigation revealed that these men, who had stolen a treasure from the Arab, got quickly to work when they realized that the military police had their number.

They burned the treasure, and so that the split liver would be even, to ensure against perjury, they each cyphered on the neck of the other past directions for finding the money.

But their leader felt that a third share wasn't enough for him, so he killed his mates and flayed the fragments of map from their backs. He got his share all right — on the neck: for his interest was divided between a basket and a guillotine.



The automatic golfer, Byron Nelson, succeeded the hard way.

W. G. DELANY

Golf's Greatest PHENOMENON



NOT so many years ago they called him "The Candy Kid."

Since then, sports writers have constantly sought new and more descriptive tags to pin on golf's greatest phenomenon: tags like "The Crisis Kid," "The Robot," and "The Master of the Iron Shot." It is likely that his opponents have searched their minds for even more apt phrases, for never since the Scotch feuded golf on an unsuspecting world has one man created such an exclusive ownership of the best golfing prizes.

This article is of particular interest to golf enthusiasts in view of the fact that amongst Byron Nelson's opponents in the British Open Championship will be Australia's foremost professional, Norman Pan Nida, and the South African star who toured this country some years ago, Bobby Locke.

But in those early days, they called him "The Candy Kid" because of his penchant for pepping pieces of candy into his mouth when the pressure was on. It is probable, however, that if John Byron Nelson never eats another piece of candy it will still be too soon. For the only reason for the cultivation of the habit was that he was hungry.

He was hungry because food costs money — and Nelson had just completed the Californian golfing circuit, during which the cash return for his labors was 12 dollars and 50 cents. Such modest earnings are not conducive to hearty eating, but because professional golf is an activity which makes strenuous demands upon stamina, it is essential that the body be maintained in more or less working condition. Hence, "The Candy Kid."

It is most unlikely, however,

that Nelson will again be compelled to resort to candy as the almost sole means of subsistence. In 1944, his earnings from the game amounted to more than 60,000 dollars.

Few of his fellow professionals begrudge him his success, except on the understandable score that their own earnings have been correspondingly less.

It has not been easy for Nelson to reach his present stage of undisputed superiority. He suffers from a nervous digestive complaint which does not make for good golf, and to attain his skill he has worked incessantly, in spite of this complaint, since he was a boy.

His prescription for success is: "Interminable practice plus stamina, coolness, courage when it's needed, and competitive spirit."

In the tradition of golfing champions, Nelson began his career as a caddy — an occupation which not only provided him with the means of acquiring the pleasures of juvenile life, but also enabled him to practice shops when the professional wasn't looking.

When the time came for Byron to carve out a niche for himself on the business field, he became a filing clerk in a railways corporation. Week-ends and after-business hours found him back on the golf course, playing distance shots all the light failed; then, with a white handkerchief to mark the hole, practicing putting.

The depression of the 1930's was the turning point of his life, for the railroad corporation discovered that business being what it was, the absence of a filing clerk made only an infinitesimal difference to

the efficiency of the organization.

After a time, Nelson got a job with a barber's magazine — a post which, while never likely to elevate him to the income bracket of the men who read the journal, at least gave him more time to practice golf shots.

In 1931, he entered that National Open at Chicago, and in weather against which his hours of practice had no defence, he failed to qualify. In the following year he turned professional to enter the Texas-Arkansas Open. He finished in third place, and received 70 dollars — the biggest prize he was to earn for some time.

It was shortly after this that he adopted the candy and chocolate eating habit as an enforced alternative to eating more conventional meals. Although such vicinities enabled him to keep alive, they were a decided handicap towards playing good golf, and at crucial moments he found that his concentration deserted him.

There were some, in those days, who inferred that he lacked "stomach" — a baseless accusation, for it must have been most obvious to Nelson that he possessed that part of the anatomy. His ownership of stomach in the metaphorical sense has since been proved beyond doubt.

His first break came in 1933, when he was appointed professional of the Texarkana Club. Constant practice and the newly-found habit of setting his legs beneath the dining table three times daily was reflected in his play.

In 1935, his earnings for the year amounted to 2,700 dollars. Nelson was on the way up.

THE following advertisement appeared in a physiotherapy magazine: "Here's a good stir for your stomach muscles. Clasp your hands over your head and place your feet together on the floor. Now bend to the right at the waist as you sit down to the left of your feet. Now, by sheer muscular control, haul yourself up, bend to the left, and sit down on the floor to the right of your feet. Keep this up and let us know the result."

The first letter received said, simply, "Hercule."

In the next year, he won his first major tournament in New Jersey. It was the real start of a career which was to place him at the head of the golfers of all time.

Fifteen of his fellow professionals in 1943 voted him the year's most outstanding golfer, and in the following year he achieved distinction granted to but one other golfer — Gene Sarazen — when 79 sports writers rated him the best athlete of the year.

The latter rating was beyond dispute, because golf was perhaps the only major sport in America which had maintained its standard throughout the war years. Moreover, Nelson had, in more than 70 rounds of competitive golf averaged under 70 strokes per round.

That year's work brought him \$6,000 dollars. No longer known as "The Candy Kid" he had proved that he plays best when trailing the field.

In the National Open of 1939,

he was six strokes and 12 players away from the lead after 36 holes had been played. Two rounds totaling 139 strokes enabled him to share first place with Craig Wood and Denny Shute at the finish. In the play-off against Wood, he turned on amazing golf to take the championship.

Tommy Armour, to whom the winning of titles was by no means a novelty, commented:

"Nelson plays like a virtuoso. There is no problem he can't handle. He is the finest golfer I have ever seen."

Bobby Jones was no less admiring:

"At my best, I never came close to the golf Nelson shoots."

To have earned such praise, it is axiomatic that Nelson must possess all-round ability. His drives are almost unvarying in direction and average about 250 yards. It is with his iron shots, however, that he gains his greatest advantage. His putting represents the only chink in his armor — his tendency is to stroke with force even on the shortest of putts. As a result, he is likely to follow a superb 15-foot putt with an almost pathetic six-inch putt which takes him well past the hole.

His reaction on missing a "bitter" is old-worldly, for his feelings are vented in a pained: "My goodness, fancy missing an easy one like that?"

Such mischances do not perturb him, and his golfing psychology is perhaps best summed up in his own advice:

"Play the shot you're playing — not the preceding one."

Which, to the average Saturday

afternoon golfer who is given to morale-breaking post mortems, is very sound advice.

On the course, Nelson is a good conversationalist — except that he confines his words to himself and anyone who may be within a few inches of him. He mumbles condolences to himself when, by some error of judgment, he lands his ball in a bunker, and congratulates *himself* when it finds the hole.

He is a product of a long line of non-drinkers and smokers, and adheres strictly to family tradition.

To John Byron Nelson, golf is as much a business as banking — and, all things considered, just as profitable.

When he is on the course, he discusses golf almost exclusively, but when he leaves it, he leaves his business worries behind him.

His "office hours" are strictly confined to those in which he is earning, or preparing to earn, prize money. He gives himself few holidays, for when he is not playing in tournaments, he is practicing so that "he will perfect his

game." The quoted words are his.

At the end of 1944, after making three short films in Hollywood he locked his clubs in a closet and fished and hunted for a month, since then, he has devoted almost all of his time to ensuring that he secures a full share of the reward made available to American golfers.

This year he has taken an enforced holiday due to a leg injury, but it is certain that his return to the field has caused heart-burning among his fellow money players.

Nelson has made the biggest money of any golfer of any generation. He still has a good deal of what the income tax people have left him. He owns a 55-acre farm in Texas to which, with his wife, he will repair when he feels that his golfing ability is falling off.

That is the ambition which prompts him, when he sinks a swirling putt, to murmur:

"There's one for another white-faced Hereford."





JUST THE BOY

HOLLYWOOD

WANTED

RON RANDELL

If you're Hollywood aspirations, read this article — and ponder.

SO this was Hollywood!

I am given to understand that these words are the conventional beginning to a story dealing with one's career in the Celluloid City, and I am by nature a conventional man, So...

So this was Hollywood!

My conception of the place had been gained from a keen study of films and magazine stories, and I had thought to find huge and lavishly-appointed offices; to tread knee-deep in orange carpets; to see important-looking secretaries guarding the sanctuaries of the mighty; to have been treated to the thrill of seeing executives rushing frenziedly to conferences.

I found all that. I had come to the Schenck Actors' Agency at the invitation of Mr. Joe Donohue, in order to undertake a screen test. I was — still using accepted phraseology — "breaking into Hollywood," and I discovered that this is no mere catch-phrase,

for to enter the studios which I later visited, I was subject to perhaps the most intensive quizzing by policemen since Capone broke. Studio police are, after closer acquaintance, friendly enough fellows, but until convinced of your motives, are possessed of suspicious minds.

Mr. Donohue was expecting me and greeted me in the friendliest manner.

"You're just the boy we've been looking for! Let's go!"

Here we made our way to 20th Century-Fox Studios. I was introduced to Kenneth McGowan, a tall, slim man who was to be my guide, philosopher, and friend. He was as friendly as Joe Donohue, and cried:

"You're just the man we've been looking for!" Then, a little sadly he added, "But if you'd only come a week ago!"

He grabbed a phone and asked for Mr. Hitchcock; the latter,

however, was in conference with Mr. Stanbeck and would Mr. McGowan ring later?

I returned to my apartment, where, a few hours later, I received a call from Donohue.

"Boy, get out to 20th Century-Fox straight away. We think we've got you a part in *Lifeline*. The test will be later. Meantime, see the wardrobe department and get a seaman's outfit. And stop in at Publicity on the way. We're asking 500 dollars."

Five hundred dollars! A week! In my excitement, I almost began to search the apartment for safe hiding places in which to deposit my first week's salary.

I collected the seaman's outfit and returned to await developments. Three hours later, Donohue was on the line: "Bosnie, the test is off! The studio won't pay you any better than 350 dollars."

Vainly I urged him not to be precipitate, for I felt that 350 dollars would pay a lot of rent and secure at least a few of life's necessities. I had come a long way for the test, and frankly, an offer of 35 dollars would have found me on the lot at dawn waiting for my fellow stars to arrive. But Donohue was adamant. I hung up the receiver and took a quick look at my bill-fold.

The next day, Joe phoned:

"Boy, you're in! Five hundred dollars! Get out to 20th Century-Fox and pick up the script."

The policeman on duty at the gate was beginning to know me, and smiled at me in an almost encouraging manner whilst he wrote out my authority for being discovered wandering around

With the script in my pocket, I went back to my apartment. That afternoon, Joe rang to say that the test was off, the next day, to say that it was on; the next, to disillusion me again; and the state of indecision generally credited to a Mr. Flanagan, continued for a week before the test was On Again At 500 dollars.

I arrived at the studio at 8 a.m. the next day. The notion of my heart would have been a joy to any electrocardiographer, and I go on record as saying that a period of uncertainty is poor training for a screen test. Shown to the make-up department, I met a mountain of a man who introduced himself as actor Larry Cranger — an introduction which I accepted with an elan which was in itself an indication of my shattered mind. At 10.30 I was escorted to the set.

My hour had come... almost. First, however, there were a few formalities awaiting my attention: the signature on the contract with the studio; that on my agreement with the agency, an authority for the latter to control my banking account; and about 20 other signatures on documents of whose purpose I have but the haziest notion.

Meanwhile, the congregation on the set was assuming the dimensions of a de Mille crowd scene. In addition to about 40 workmen, there were Myron Selznick, Donohue, McGowan, and sundry other men, including a man whose coat almost reached his ankles and which appeared to have been rejected many months before by the local salvage committee.

This was Alfred Hitchcock, the famous director.

BLAST, I'VE BEEN SCOOPED

A much better poet I'm sure I would be
But for an error in chronology.
A weaver of words of much greater worth,
I'd be if fate had hurried my birth.
But alas when this page with sheer beauty I'd fill,
I find I've been scooped by Shakespeare (Bill).
When the Muse makes my pen run riot and pull-me-ly,
It's been done much more aptly by Byron and Shelley.
It's so very disappointing. Oh dear! Oh dear!
I'm but a pale shadow of Ogden Nash!

—WGD

I understand that his presence at screen tests is a most unusual event. I was flattered, therefore, when he spent a few minutes coaching me on the script.

Suddenly, a hush settled over the set. The testing director looked at me and said: "We'll shoot, now."

I took my shattered brain and body on to the set. I hadn't the slightest idea of the placement of the camera, and for all I knew, the crew might have been preserving for posterity angle shots of my poor anatomy. Everyone seemed to have assumed that I would know where the camera was placed, but for five or six minutes, I stared hopelessly at the most likely places, the while saying my piece.

With the feeling that I was terrible, I lost confidence. At the end of the test, I must have looked dejected, for Hugh King, another Selznick man, patted my shoulder and said: "Back up, Ronnie!"

The crowd drifted away, and I felt like the breeze in the film where she fails to make the grade

and returns to Little Rock, Arkansas, to marry the drunken garage-man. And nobody had to tell me I was terrible.

Incidentally, I saw *Lifeboat* after my return to Australia, and it wasn't until then that I realized that the part for which I was tested, demanded a Cockney accent, whereas I had given it an American one. Neither my mentors or the script had hinted how the part was to be handled.

The next day I sang Donahue. He said: "Too bad, boy; but, of course, the final my isn't with us. Why not go to New York and get yourself a play and a reputation?"

Actually, my purpose in going to America had been to undergo an operation for a sinus complaint which had already got me a discharge from the Army, and it was whilst waiting for admission to hospital that I decided to crash Hollywood. Consequently, I did not go to New York until later.

Shortly after the 20th Century-Fox test, I had lunch with Cecil

Kellaway in the Paramount cafeteria. Cecil, of course, is one Australian who, going to Hollywood with little better prospects than many others who have left these shores, succeeded in making the grade.

Behind him was the reputation of having made one or two successful films in Australia; but reputation, I have found, is but a fallible pointer to one's future, and in Hollywood it is a particularly weak reed for the films aspirant to lean on.

Cecil's rise has been due almost completely to his own endeavors: his capacity for hard work, his quickness in grabbing an opportunity, and, above all, sheer acting ability.

He is now established as one of the best-liked men in Hollywood, and is respected not merely for his skill at turning in good performances but, in addition, for his personal characteristics. It is obvious, moreover, that he has retained his love for his adopted country — for Cecil, you may not know, is not an Australian by birth: he was born in South Africa. In all other respects, he is truly Australian.

He is always anxious to meet — and what is more important, from my point of view, to assist — people from "down under", and I appreciate very greatly his efforts to ensure that my visit to Hollywood would be attended by success.

It was due to Cecil Kellaway that I was given another opportunity to face the cameras in a film test. For whilst I was hunching with him, he not only gave me some helpful advice and en-

couragement, but also introduced me to Stuart Stewart, an agent, with the result that I was invited to call on him.

Our meeting led to another test. This time, by the grace of Paramount's chief coach, Bill Russell, and Noel Madison — who is well known to Australian theatre-goers — I received long coaching. What part would I like to do for the test? I chose two bits, one from *My Sister Eileen*, the other from *The Trial of Mary Dagen*.

The test took place in a big room which possessed a soundproof wall overlooked by a kind of "sponsor's box" — a glass-panelled room from which the directors could observe me as though I were projected on a screen.

I had caught a few camera tricks from Bill and Noel, but I still had a lot more to learn. De Mille had been kind to me and at his suggestion, I had had my eyebrows plucked, for ordinarily they look like Jerry Colonna's mustache. Wally Westmore personally attended to my make-up, so that, all-in-all, the build-up for the test was very good.

The test began; that is, the preliminaries began, but at lunch-time we had our shot. We had lunch in the cafeteria, and made more than usually garrulous by the occasion and nervousness, I spoke at great rate throughout.

The set, meantime, had been changed for a Betty Hutton retake, and there was a break of two hours before we could start again.

Then I discovered that I was hoarse; my voice just wouldn't do what I told it, any more! I found that I could insert no tonal varia-

IT is not often that a woman is prepared to reveal the secrets of her charm, but here is a word of wisdom from screen player, Alice Marble: "I learned long ago not to boast a man or woman if I wanted to keep his interest in me—as a woman, but as an athlete, one has a code of never losing to anyone one can beat. So, it pressed me a game, I have to convert a bluster on the level of swindling, so that the man suggests we should stop."

interviewed Joe Piccus, chief talent scout for 20th Century-Fox. He was impressed, he said, and arranged another test.

He said my voice reminded him of Gable's . . .

The cold in my head co-operated till the day of the test. This time, I felt that I had come through well. But I had booked my passage for Australia a fortnight hence, and ships were scarce. I explained the position to Joe Piccus, who said:

"Well, we like you. We think we can make you a young Bogart type. On your way to the west, give this letter to Rufus Lemaire."

I got to Hollywood four days before my ship was due to sail. Rufus Lemaire asked me to stick around; but ships, as I've said, were scarce, and I didn't stay.

That is the story of what I euphemistically call My Hollywood Career. It was novel, exciting, and instructive period of my life. It was almost entirely unproductive of the means by which Max manages to maintain life.

For the benefit of other Hollywood aspirants, my eight-months' stay in Hollywood and environs cost me \$1,000. The moral, therefore, is that if you go there, be sure that you are sufficiently equipped with the world's goods to cover a long period of idleness in which you will be expected to put up a front of prodigality; be prepared for disappointments; and before you leave the shipping office at this end of the trip, be sure that your passage-ticket says, "San Francisco and return."

Hollywood is a lavish place

where money is spent freely. As an indication, a screen test alone will cost a studio anything between 1,000 and 10,000 dollars. The one in which I was conferred in New York cost 7,000 dollars — mainly because my associate in the test was Taylor Holman, who was being tested for an important part.

Incidentally, the fact that you've signed a contract before the screen test does not mean that you're halfway to stardom—for, if

at the completion of the test, the studio decides not to make use of your services, the contract is satisfied by the interchange of just one dollar. It is that easy . . . and you haven't even earned a dollar.

Heck, I was brought up on fairy tales, and Cinderella was my favorite.

Will I go back? Well, the heroine from Little Rock, Arkansas, returned from the sticks to make the grade, didn't she?

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



CLARENCE BROWN

Personally Speaking

DR. GEORGINA SWEET, who died in Melbourne in January last, left approximately £100,000 for educational, charitable and religious purposes. She was the first woman to receive the degree of Doctor of Science in Australia, and the first president of the University College Council.

WOODY HERMAN and his band won first prize in the two major popularity poll contests conducted by musical trade magazines Down Beat and Metronome in America. "Colden" was the hit which put him there.

SIR ABE BAILEY, financier and sportsman, fated life without a shilling when he left school at 14. He died, aged 76, in 1940. The contents of his will, just disclosed, show his estate to have a net value of £3,054,991.

KYLIE TENNANT, wife of N.S.W. schoolteacher L. C. Riddell, sociologist, author of six Australian novels successfully published overseas, and twice winner of the S. M. Prior memorial prize, recently gave birth to her first child, an eight-pound daughter.

TOM WINTRINGHAM, Common Wealth Member of the House of Commons, who fought against Franco in the Spanish Civil War with the International Brigade, was refused entry to the U.S. because of former political activities.

T. C. ROUGHLEY, N.S.W. Fisheries Department expert, took a film of the Great Barrier Reef to America for a lecture tour. The film has been bought by Fox, who intend making a 10-minute short of it.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT has accepted an invitation to visit Russia for a long tour after the Spring session of U.N.O. in London has concluded.

GOOGIE WITHERS is the correct name of that young British film star. It was bestowed upon the Karachi-born actress by her ayah, and means "Clown."

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE abandoned sophisticated parts to play Elias in the New York revival of "Pygmalion." The production was the first Broadway had seen in 20 years, and won fresh laurels for Lawrence.

TAMARA TOUWANOVA, remembered here for her art in the Marie Carlo Ballet, is to play Anna Pavlova in a film version of the great ballerina's life.

ANNE NICHOLS, author of "Abe's Irish Rose," is producing, in conjunction with Reg Crosby, another film version of the play.





P^{ass}ing S^{entences}

A lorgnette is a dirty look on a stick.

Many a girl thinks she shows distinction in her clothes when the proper word is distinctly.

A flirtation is attention without attention.

There was a lot to say in her favor, but the other was more interesting.

The wages of gin is breath.

We know a lady who would be more epic in she had less span.

If there's anything more humiliating to a girl than blushing when she shouldn't, it's not blushing when she should.

The worst cliques are those which consist of one man.

Impatience is only waiting in a hurry.

The only girl who gets paid to put a man in his place is an ashtrayette.

He who lays his head on a woman's chest should expect a bust in the eye.

Then there were the guests who arrived too late for a Hollywood wedding, but just in time for the divorce.

He wasn't hard to get—just hard to take.

After taking the patient's pulse, the convalescent nurse always deducted ten beans to allow for her personality.

The English language is called the mother tongue because Dad seldom gets a chance to use it.

His mind is so narrow he could look through a keyhole with both eyes.

The bigger a man's head gets, the easier it is to fill his shoes.

Money can be lost in more ways than one.

He had a magnificent physique before his stomach went in for a career of its own.

In a night club the tables are reserved and the guests are not.

vodka

In Maple Syrup



FREDERICK T. SMITH

Canada, above all nations, merits the friendship of Soviet Russia.



THE big airfield on the wide prairies just outside Edmonton in Alberta was meet this usually busy.

The air was full of the familiar little yellow planes in which Empire Air Scheme trainees practised take-offs and bumpy landings. Further out the big civil transporters were taking off and landing on their prescribed runways with the same orderly precision which always marked the control of this great Canadian airfield.

But on this day there were even more aeroplanes than usual lined up along the runways. A particularly big consignment of Lend-Lease American-built fighters and light bombers were on the way to Russia.

Already the wings of the planes bore the Red Star emblem of the Soviet, and Soviet mechanics were tinkering with them before they took off again.

Presently a squad of Russian women pilots marched smartly out of the briefing hut, climbed into

the machines, and without further ado started the planes moving along the runway.

In the control tower the officers, accustomed to strict obedience from green trainee pilots, shouted warnings into the microphone and instructed the Soviet pilots to await the signal to take off.

There was no indication that the young women at the Red Star planes heard the orders. They wove through the thick air traffic and headed north for the next stop at Watson Lake, just inside the Yukon Territory.

To understand what a tense situation they caused you would need to have seen Edmonton airfield during the war. It was the main Empire Air Training centre in Western Canada, and that meant hundreds of planes on the field, or in the air.

There was, of course, a fierce build-up over the matter. The Russian commander explained that the girl pilots had flown in from Russia only a couple of days before

and they couldn't understand English.

Of course, everybody along the great air route from Edmonton to Siberia was soon laughing over the episode and the Russians laugh ed, too.

It was only one of the many incidents which, during the war, brought the Russians and the Canadians closer together, not only as Allies but as warm friends.

Canadians had learned, not without some surprise, that Russia was indeed a very close neighbor, separated from the Alaskan peninsula by a narrow stretch of arctic water across which the Siberian shoreline could be seen on a clear day.

During the war Russian pilots, technicians, politicians, diplomats and trade experts swarmed down the air route from the Arctic over the magnificent chain of airfields which brought the Soviet within a few hours comfortable flight from the populous cities of southern Canada.

Canadians, with their friendship towards Russia warmed by their contacts with its citizens, were at first shocked, then bewildered by the staggering spy revelations of the past couple of months. Expecting so much from their postwar relationship with Russia, Canadians took a long time to absorb the revelations of plot and counter-plot.

The full story of Canada's very close liaison with Russia during the war has still to be told. Many aspects of Russian activity in Canada were under a strict ban of censorship, because Canada was the channel through which the

Allies imported much of the technical — as well as material — aid which assisted to build up the great Soviet resistance to the Nazis.

There was, for instance, a complete news blackout on the movement of Russians along the Northwest Staging Air Route. I travelled the route from Edmonton to Alaska and I saw great movements of aircraft and equipment from the factories of the United States and Canada to Russia.

Canadians found the Russian coastal routes.

There was a widespread story that during the most difficult days of the war, when Russia needed all her pilots at the front, a single girl pilot, with perhaps one assistant to do manual tasks, took into Russia huge bombars which normally were manned by crews of seven or eight men.

At Whitehorse, the last stop before Alaska, I have watched big flights of Red Star planes alight. After a hasty meal while the machines were being refuelled, the pilots would take off again, speeding towards the cleft in the snow-covered mountains which led to Fairbanks in Alaska.

The Russians became familiar sights on the airfields. They smoked aromatic cigarettes with long cardboard holders. They threw vodka parties. They made a lot of friends.

But they wouldn't talk about anything except generalities, and they would never let American or Canadian mechanics fly into Russia with them. If a foreign official went with them, properly sponsored by his own and the Soviet Governments he flew into Russia in a

"My right hand has been a lesson that my little work infantile paralysis has taught me. I know from it that if you ignore your own handicaps other people are never conscious of them; I am glad that I did not escape entirely unscathed; I say that when I go into the wards where the boys have had physical injuries

"A handful, if you rise above it, teaches you toughness, the toughness of the human spirit. All of a sudden, I know, the boys discover that they are seeing more charitably, hearing more broadly, experiencing more sympathy for the quiet courage of a crowd, daily lives."

—Ida Lupino, in *PHOTOPLAY*, the world's best motion picture magazine.

plane in which the windows were carefully curtained to shut out the ground view.

In other parts of Canada Russians were working wherever there was war production — and that was nearly everywhere. There were few big plants which didn't have Russian observers getting production experience.

Russians worked side by side with Canadians in laboratories. Russian engineers worked on processes which were top military secrets. Their engineers penetrated the wilds of the North to learn new methods of extracting precious minerals from the earth and of winning a swifter flow of oil.

Of all the Dominions Canada gave the most generous aid the most extensive aid to Russia during the war. Through her Mutual Aid Scheme, that most remarkable instrument through which she assisted her Allies, Canada sent thousands of dollars worth of material assistance to Russia and added nothing but an ultimate Allied victory in return.

Russian leaders sent grateful acknowledgement of the aid, and

Canada said officially that Mutual Aid supplies "had done much to promote the excellent relations prevailing between Canada and the U.S.S.R."

Now it seems that the "excellent relations" were only skin deep after all!

The war brought to Canada an acute consciousness that the country had become literally the cross-roads of the world. Through Canada, all the air routes from Europe and the United States converged on the road to Asia.

Canadian politicians lost no opportunity to expound the importance of the post-war contact in trade and communications with Russia. Many Canadians commenced to learn the Russian language to assist them in the expected post-war cultural and travel interchange between the two countries.

I found a distinct Russian vague throughout Canada, as Canadians put aside any religious or political differences of opinion they might have held with the Russians and set out genuinely to understand their neighbors on the other side of the Pacific.

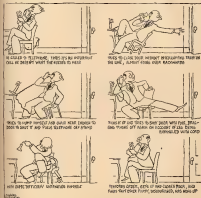
With a realism which Canadians, in the light of recent revelations and admissions found brutal, the Russians — discovering much sooner than the Canadians that North America was, indeed, close to Asia — set out to make sure that the Canadians had told them all.

They were very interested in Canada's "Operation Musk-Ox"—a military expedition which is traversing a long route over some of the wildest and loneliest territory in Northern Canada. It is ex-

pected to make Canada an international expert on Arctic conditions, to clear up many of the secrets of the magnetic field of the North, and to obtain invaluable information about weather predictions.

Instead of the era of goodwill and mutual co-operation which Canadians anticipated, their post-war relationship with the Soviet has opened in an atmosphere of mistrust.

It will take patient diplomacy to recover the cordiality of the war years.



BLOSSOM BOOM

The Dutch once inspired a greater
fiasco than the South Sea Bubble.



RAY HEATH

THE merchant was hungry, and he had finished his work. He was free to eat.

He had just delivered a parcel of goods from the captain of his ship to a wealthy merchant, and he was still standing at the counter.

"Would you like a fish for your dinner?" asked the merchant.

"Yes, I would."

The merchant left the shop to get a smoked fish as a present for the sailor, and the sailor, glancing over the counter, saw lying among the goods there an onion.

Above all else, this sailor liked onions. Quickly he slipped it into his pocket. A moment later the merchant came back into the shop with a nicely smoked fish, for which the sailor thanked him and departed.

A few minutes later the shop was in an uproar. The merchant had lost a valuable treasure. An immediate and thorough search was made — but it only confirmed the fact. The treasure was gone.

The merchant's mind ran back over the morning, and he thought of the hungry sailor. That was it! Immediately the merchant and his friends — an excited cavalcade of

no mean size by now — hastened to the ship.

The sailor was sitting unconcernedly on the deck, the bones of the fish beside him; his clasp knife was in his hand, and he was just about to put into his mouth the last of the stolen onion.

"Onion?" roared the merchant. "That was no onion! That was my priceless treasure — my precious tulip bulb!"

And, because he had stolen and eaten a tulip bulb, the sailor went to goal. For in the year 1634 tulip bulbs were precious indeed, and the blooms themselves were more exotic and fashionable than orchids were in Australia during the American occupation.

Tulips, introduced from Turkey into Europe about the year 1600, are probably the only flower which has ever caused something like a Wall Street crash; but they did that in Holland in 1636, when the blossom bubble burst after a time of wild speculation.

For the first 30 years they were known to Europe, tulips steadily became first an object of art, then a vogue, then a craze — and finally a boom-and-bust investment. There was a time, in that first 34

years when no man of taste would be without his collection of tulips; when it was bad taste not to have them.

The sudden eminence of tulips, and their consequent value, soon suggested to enterprising business folk that something might be made out of it. In 1636 regular marts for their sale were established on the stock exchanges of Amsterdam, in Rotterdam, Harlem, Leyden, Alkmaar, Hoorn, and other towns, almost all in Holland.

The first signs of gambling in tulips as other men would gamble in gold shares, became apparent. Speculators started to buy them up and resell them at a profit; and the (even then) old familiar tactics of influencing the market price came into play. Every possible trick was employed to force the price down until the speculating ring had bought — then up went the tulip prices again . . .

Because things were booming, the feeling came early about that the boom would last. Wealthy men spoke with certainty in the streets of the riches of Europe tumbling into Holland — and, incidentally, into their own Dutch pockets. Stolid men of business turned their shares and properties into cash to invest in the new quick-return possession. And — so potent was the tulip story, and so rich in promise — that houses and land were sold for a fraction of their value in order that people might have ready money to speculate in tulips.

The flame was running: such a complete tulip business grew in Holland that it was found necessary to draw up a code of laws

for the control and guidance of tulip dealers. Notaries and clerks were appointed to denote themselves exclusively to the trade, and in many towns where the lawyer had been the "public notary" he became the "tulip notary."

Here is a list of goods which one man gave in return for a single root of the rare specimen of tulip called "Victory": 2 bushels of wheat; 4 bushels of rye; 4 fat oxen, 8 fat swine; 12 fat sheep; 2 hogheads of wine; 4 tons of beer; 2 tons of butter, 1,000 pounds of cheese; a complete bed; a suit of clothes; a silver drinking cup.

That bill of goods was valued at 2,500 florins, and the price was not considered excessive. Another root of the same variety had been sold for 3,000 florins; an "Admiral Liefken" was sold for 4,400 florins, and individual people had spent 100,000 florins on tulips alone.

Now was the above bill of goods the only case of better. Desperate to gain possession of the magic flower, poor people offered every stick and rag they had in exchange for a bulb; and often goods and money were combined, as when 12 acres of ground were given in exchange for one root, and 4,600 florins and a new carriage, two grey horses and harness, all went for another.

Now it is extremely difficult to put a finger on what actually started this spectacular boom. It is equally difficult to trace the cause of its end. Yet end it did.

Just as the first inspiration had swept across Holland like a swift breeze, starting the fire of tulip fever, so the first mists of pessimism

**DON'T BE POLITE, JUST
GRAB IT**

It's a mistake when being
gratuituous.

To resort to phrases plurali-
tous.

Like when someone to whom
you lent money in Mel-
bourne—or was it Sumner?

Pays it back as though you
were the returner and he
the returnee.

And instead of asking from
which mug he's begotten it,
You murmur, "My friend, I
had simply forgotten it."

Which not only makes you a
gosh-awful liar,

but marks you as a mere
mediocrity.

And he remembers it wasn't
from you he borrowed but
from Jack.

And, before you know it, he
has taken it back.

misen swept out from nowhere and
the feverfire began to die away.

Luytens, a good burglar, signed
up a contract with Schmidt for ten
"Semper Augustines," at four
thousand florins each, to be de-
livered in six weeks. By the ap-
pointed time Schmidt had the
flowers ready, but Luytens knew
that the market price had fallen
to three hundred florins each. Nat-
urally, he wanted to pay the new
price, and this was regarded as a
breach of contract.

Luytens' name went up on the
list of defaulters in the tulip mar-
ket: these lists were published as
soberly as war-time casualty lists,
and grew much longer. Hundreds
of names a day appeared on them,
and every name was an indication
of another tulip tragedy.

Naturally, remuneration was the
order of the day. As people began
to default on their tulip orders, or
payments, other people found
themselves possessed of tulips which
were no longer worth fabulous
prices. Some of these were pre-
pared to sell out cheap to get out,
having already accumulated a
goodly fortune during the boom.
And consequently, as they unloaded
their tulips on the market, they
forced prices down. Private holders
found themselves with vanishing
wealth; people were as eager to
throw away their tulips as if they
were holding red hot cinders. And
that is, at this stage, roughly what
the tulips were.

The "tulip noveries," who, a
little time before, had been draw-
ing up fabulous contracts of sale
now found themselves defending
cases of breach of contract and de-
fault.

The courts of the country were
besieged by people fighting such
cases — and they took refuge be-
hind a quaint legal defence: that
the tulip speculations were gamb-
ling transactions, that the parties
had no redress at law for their
"gambling losses," and the courts
just weren't interested. The mat-
ter was referred to the Provincial
Council of Hague, which handled
it in a perfectly parliamentary
manner by deliberating it for
three or four months, then con-
fessing that they could not reach a
decision and calling for a report.

The tulipomania thus died,
without any legal decisions about
it. No official of the municipality
or the court would interfere; and
the deals which, while prices soared
had been business, were sud-

denly shrugged off by everybody
as gambles.

The winners on the swings in
this mad fiesta were in much the
same position as black marketeers
of this war: they possessed large
sums of money that it was danger-
ous to admit to owning, since so
many forced and angry people
stomped abroad. They hid their
wealth and worked as poor men
rather than face the fury of the
crowd.

And the crowd — the thousands
of people who had sold their homes
for a song rather than miss out!
Well, they missed out anyway. In
place of a farm or a house they had
a handful of almost valueless bulbs,
which they had to make the best
of.

In thousands of cases middle-
aged folk started again from com-
plete poverty as the result of com-
peting for this elusive flower.

A strange aspect of the blos-
som boom is that it confined itself
almost completely to Holland. In

London and Paris in 1636 specu-
lators tried to follow the lead of
Amsterdam, but they did not suc-
ceed to any extent. They certainly
gained a rise in the price of tulips,
but, all things considered, they
made small money.

As the Amsterdam prices soared
the people of England and France
were content to be spectators. The
fever passed them by, and when
the day of reckoning finally came
they watched, dismayed and thank-
ful, but uninjured.

Yet there is even here a strange
postscript to the story; for one
man, who did not gamble, made
more money out of the tulip boom
than any of the Dutch speculators.
He was a Frenchman, too, who
became famous and earned hun-
dreds of thousands of francs out of
the boom, in a roundabout
manner. His name was Alexander
Dumas; and he capitalised on the
event by writing a very successful
book about it — "The Black
Tulip."





Lonely **SOLDIER**

A man without family or friends,
his mail reached huge proportions.

D'ARCY NILAND

HE was about seventeen then, with melancholy brown eyes like a camel's, and more leg than he knew what to do with. He was not the type for a newspaper job. He drifted through the rabbit-warren corridors of that old, shabby building with a confused look of dazed bewilderment.

At that time he was an assistant proofreader. Before the terrors of misperception which fell all day like rain about his bewildered head, the stately streak of a youth was not even reproachful. Humbly he accepted his inferiority.

By night he went to University, where his meagre wages were stretched to breaking point to cover the fees. He got into the habit of extending his breakfast over lunch time and dining on a pie. One day he faltered; it took a long time to bring him round; his face had a blue look.

"I guess I'm just hungry," he mumbled.

"Don't they feed you at home?" they asked, jealously.

"I'm boarding."

"Where's your people?"

"They're dead."

They wondered what they could do about it, but it was too embarrassing a subject to broach.

The boy went on learning. The University examination results came out. Most of the bright sparks of the literary room had sat for their diploma of journalism. The boy had the highest marks.

A job vacant in the reporting room. Somehow the boy got the job.

He found himself in a long room full of typewriters, telephones and machines. There the river of life went past so quick it made him dizzy. He didn't answer quickly enough, so no one spoke to him. He made errors because he was too shy to ask how to do things. They said he was dumb. He didn't object. He knew it was true.

One day the news came through. The generation was to get its turn. The war had begun.

As the older reporters enlisted, he went up the scale until he was doing fairly important work. He was now nineteen or twenty. He was becoming a good journalist.

Then he enlisted, too.

The chief, seething with exasperation at having lost a promising cadet, said: "Why the hell couldn't you stay put until you were twenty-one?"

The renegade's melancholy eyes tried to say what his self-conscious tongue couldn't.

"So you've joined the Field Ambulance?"

"Yea, sir. I didn't feel up to killing anyone."

Trampets left for Egypt. No one saw him off, because there was none to remember his going. He sat around and watched the boys, and got through the voyage with having said fewer than a score of sentences.

He stood at the bottom of a pyramid with the sand sifting into his boots, and felt homesick for the home he hadn't had; the little room in the city; the smell of wet paper and hot lead; the shaving cream the chief used.

Mails came and were distributed. He saw the childhood joy at getting mail from home. Suddenly, to his astonishment, he heard his name called. His heart jiggled. It was just like Christmas morning, and the sock at the end of the bed, and a parent peeping through the hole in the tree. He pushed through the crowd and got a letter.

It was from the Commissioner of Taxation, reminding him that he owed the Department one and eightpence.

Following instructions that all members of the reporting staff were to send back good slabs of local colour every mail, the lad wrote back to his paper. He mentioned the letter from the Commissioner.

By that time the staff had almost forgotten him.

"Oh, yeah," the sub said. "We remember. That chap who looked like a tadpole. Here's a good par, though. Human interest stuff. Stick it in today's local news."

Come Christmas in Cairo, and the boys were mad to get their mail. The Lonely Soldier went — just to watch.

He got 70 letters by air, five parcels, and two bags of mail by surface. He was sent eleven balalaavas, ten toothbrushes, and a quart of foot powder, forty-nine photographs, two proposals of marriage and an offer of adoption. Seventeen girls in Sydney and three in Toronto wanted him for their pay-off boy, and one elderly lady in Perth said that now she had something to live for.

When he went outside there were tears in his eyes for the first time since he was a little boy.

The affair didn't finish there, however. Every sub-editor in the boy's home country recognized in the paragraph about the Lonely Soldier something of that elusive, life-making element: human interest. It was clipped and repeated everywhere.

Catcalls were sent to the boys in Canada, and they sent them to half a dozen different papers. Warm-hearted Canadian mothers wept a tear at the thought of their sons with only a letter from the Taxation Commissioner to cheer them along, and posted chocolates, photographs of themselves hobnobbing with the kids — and balalaavas.

Some Australian journalist, snooping through the overseas files

with scissors and paste-pot, caught the grin, and the paragraph appeared in a Sydney paper. Warm-hearted Australians choked into their beer at the thought of the Digger whom nobody loved. They sent letters and cables asking for the address of the Lonely Soldier.

Seeking to cash in on the news it had unwittingly originated, his paper tried to get a photograph of him. The Lonely Soldier hadn't been photographed, so he had himself taken in Cairo, looking very young and camel-eyed. It appeared in print, and a hundred other papers clipped and republished it.

Every mail he averaged four hundred letters, forty parcels, and several requests for photographs. Nothing could stay this avalanche. From all points of the compass it descended, following him through Greece and Crete. They came, these tributes, while he was learn-

ing how some German pilots used an ambulance for dive practice, machine-gunning neatly along the red cross on the roof; while he saw men die, and saved others from dying; growing himself a year or two older in body, but not much different in mind. He still didn't talk much, and he talked even less every time he stopped, for then the flood of increasing mail caught up with him. He calculated that he now had one hundred and forty-seven balachavas.

Through the evacuation, and on to Africa, the post followed the Lonely Soldier. His ambulance went along clearing up the mess after the rout of Rommel. He learned how to go to sleep on his feet, and eat without stopping his work. He was older, leaner, browner. They didn't laugh at him any more for his clumsy feet, and his big jutting hands, which

didn't know how to fold themselves up. He bore on his thin face and in his somber eyes the indefinable mark of a soldier.

He now had twelve hundred regular correspondents, and enough balachavas to bring Napoleon back from Moscow — three hundred, anyway. Now and then he managed to write to a few dozen people. Some kindhearted Lancashire folk had also started to write, and he expected to hear from the British colony in Goa at any moment.

His mates called him the "Sweetheart of the Forces." He didn't mind. He knew that the surplus of those parcels and letters had gone to other lonely soldiers with none to write to them. His disturbing problems had been solved, and the comical penetration of his fan mail had found a remedy.

When there came a rumor that a man was wanted in the publicity office in Cairo, all the glamour boys of the correspondents' corps applied, and it was a toss-up whether a junior sub from the boy's home paper, or a bright young Indian officer would get it.

The Lonely Soldier got it. He found himself back at a typewriter again. He shook the sand out of his shoes, and the smell of hairment out of his hair. He turned in some good work and got praise in proportion.

Sold the gifts were on accumulating. From his plentiful supply he sent them home for the poor boys in local camps, to whom nobody wrote.

The Lonely Soldier is not lonely any more; but if you should care to send him a balachava, this address will find him: Fred Fleming, New Zealand.



☆ Sport —

and all that

(1) Sport can be roughly divided into four categories: outdoor, indoor, male and female.

The male sport can be easily identified by his love of all games which do not entail any physical or mental exertion, the greater portion of his time being spent standing on street corners, giving vent to long low



whistles as the females of the species go by.

Female sports usually appear in what is known as "sports clothes," and sports clothes are in fashion what basic English is to the English vocabulary: everything is put to the minimum. Female sports indulge in cocktail drinking, and usually end up by marrying bikers like me.



(2) Golf is played by individuals who have achieved the ultimate in subtlety. They start the game with the premiere thought: how fast can they get to the Club House?

The golfer equips himself with a lot of sticks with knobs and a small white ball, on which he must keep his eye. This is one of the greatest difficulties of the game because it is practically impossible to keep your eye on the ball and the Club House at the same time.

It is a well-known fact that the Golf Clubs blessed with well-shocked bars are usually the ones that produce the greatest numbers of golf champions.

Why? It's not a game at all! It's only a gag to make drinking more difficult.

(3) Cricket is a game played by twenty-two men, six sticks with little ones stuck on top of them, a ball, and a couple pieces of wood called bats.

One man takes the ball and does a lot of genuflections, after which he runs along and throws it at a fellow with one of the bat things. The fellow with the bat hits the ball into the air, which is a signal for all the onlookers to yell, "Get a bag!" After this happens quite a few times they serve tea or something.

Cricket is essentially a British sport and is seldom played outside the British Empire. The Americans loathe the game, maybe they've seen what they look like playing it.



(4) Football is a game played by people who with cricket matches in the Summer, psychologically, it is a form of lunaticism. When the whistle blows and the ball is kicked off, the players run around in circles until someone picks it up. When finally he falls from sheer exhaustion all the other players fall on the ball in an endeavor to squash it. In my humble opinion, football is really a piece of dirty "Red" propaganda. If not, why do they have small boys running up and down a white line waving red flags? Someone should write to Mr Churchill about it!

☆☆☆



(5) Wrestling is really football played indoor with two players who make up for the lack of numbers. Having no ball, the wrestlers simply take it out on the referee. At the going the wrestlers proceed to gyrate, accompanied by groans and growls. Then they fall to the floor and hold a little conversation about their respective mothers-in-law, etc. When things bore them, they throw each other at the audience and wrap each other in the ropes. When it is all over, they go home and listen to their wives telling them what a heavy day it has been.

Fern as you and I.

Medicine ON THE MARCH



active thrombic preparation applied to the place from which the skin graft was taken was responsible for saving the patient from bleeding to death.

TRIDIONE (3, 5, 5-trimethyl-isoxalidione 2, 4-dione) taken in capsule doses varying from 15 to 30 grains, stopped daily seizures in 28 per cent of 50 epileptic patients. The new drug was tested out by Dr. William G. Lennox of Harvard Medical School, and he noted that after taking the medicine for a time, some patients could get along without it for several months.

ONE of the new B. vitamins, folic acid, is reported to have anticancer activity. When the new vitamin was tested on mice, spontaneous cancers disappeared.

A NEW weapon against malaria has been developed in America. It is a portable plant for extracting, at a low cost, quinine and other anti-malarial drugs from the cinchona bark in the remote spots in which the trees grow.

EXTENSIVE studies indicate that heparin, an anti-blood clotting chemical, may become the means of preventing gangrene after frostbite.

FIBREGLASS bandages are now in general use in America for fractures and similar injuries to the human body. A fiberglass-plastic cast weighs about one-fifth as much as a plaster cast and does not block X-ray penetration.

CHOLERA victims who would have been on the funeral pyre within twelve hours have been cured in eight or nine days by the U.S. Navy Epidemiology Unit, reports the Navy Medical Bulletin. Sulpho drugs were administered to counteract the infection, blood plasma to thin out the blood, and saline injections to control the dehydration caused by vomiting.

BAL (British anti-lewisite) was developed during the war as a poison gas decontaminant. Now, it has been developed into an effective remedy for arsenic and mercury poisoning.

PREVIOUSLY considered impossible, a skin graft on a hemophilic has now been successfully performed for the first time. An



THE *Leg* IN THE WELL

RODERICK THREW

THE police sergeant was on his way home after doing his shift when the keeper of a small restaurant in a quiet corner of Paris stepped onto the footpath and hailed him.

Like many a Parisian restaurant-keeper, he was a very excited little man. He gestured as he explained. "You know my well? The well in the courtyard? How bad the water has gone of late? How I complained about it!"

The policeman, Ringas, nodded impatiently.

"Well, today I determined to look down it. I found something too horrible to contemplate. A human leg. Wrapped in a cloth."

The police sergeant forgot that his work was done. He asked for the full story.

Lampson had gone into the basement to his cellar, where a window opened in the wall of the cellar, giving through into the well. Leaning through this window with a

lit was due only to the patience of M. Mace that a crime was solved.

lighted candle, Lampson looked down into the well. On the still, oily surface of the water something was floating. It looked like a bundle, or small package.

Taking a long-handled iron hook, Lampson started to fish up the package. Three times it slipped off the hook, as though it were alive, and fell back into the water with a dull splash.

Lampson, an unhealthy smell in his nostrils, sweat beading his forehead, leaped over the well the fourth time and brought the package up safely to the top.

The sergeant did not go home. He went and turned in a report, and a posse of investigators took over at Lampson's place in the Rue Princeps. There were with them, young, eager, and full of the pride of his calling, Mace, destined to become one of France's leading criminologists.

Mace proceeded to examine Lampson's catch at the Rue Prin-

cipe. There was nothing to show whether it was a male or female leg — and the restaurantier, in fishing it up with the hook, had mangled it, so that Mace did not see it in its exact state of preservation.

So the detective returned to the well, and dragging it he found a second parcel, similar to the first, wrapped in black calico, with portion of a trouser leg inside it, from which all buttons and tailor's marks had been removed.

The leg in this parcel was in a better state of preservation, small and shrunken and encased in a long stocking of the kind which is held with a garter above the knee. A fragment of another sock was sewn to this stocking, and on this fragment was the mark: a B X.

Mace, enthusiastic about his new discoveries, had the well drained completely. He turned the two legs over to medical authorities, who said they were feminine, had been neatly, but unprofessionally amputated with something like a butcher's knife, and had been in the well about a month.

Then a pretty grim story began to unfold. Ringas was not the only policeman in Paris who had made a find. Others included:

- Morsels of human flesh fished out of the Seine and the canals.

- Fragments of human flesh found on the river banks.

- A human thigh wrapped in a blue knitted shawl.

- A short man in a long coat and tall hat had industriously thrown pieces of meat into the river, and when asked by the local laundryman what he was doing had answered, "Baiting for fish!" — a

reasonable answer which had been acceptable at the time.

A man had been seen carrying a hamper and when asked by the police what it contained had said it held a couple of fine hams he had just brought from the country. The hamper was stamped by a railway goods label.

Mace, looking over these reports saw in them the facets of a first-class bloody murder — but he saw no traceable clues. The few noticeable peculiarities, and descriptions of people, were general, and lead nowhere. He only knew that the doctors said that the limbs were those of a woman. He combed the register of missing women, chose the most likely 14, and eliminated these down to three. As a result he traced all three persons — alive and well.

And Mace had just got through this painstaking job when the remains were re-examined by Dr. Tardieu, who, taking the remnants from the river, the thigh bones and the legs, said that all belonged to the same body — and it was a man.

M. Mace, in the meantime, had satisfied himself that the black calico and the stitching of the second parcel was almost without doubt the work of a tailor. He had also established that it was easy enough for anyone to get in at any time and have access to the well, so that no special suspicion could attach to the people who lived in the building.

But as the concierge (caretaker) of the building talked on, and Mace listened, items of idle gossip began to assume interesting proportions. There was the ex-tenant,

Dard, who had been a dressmaker and had left the house and dressmaking to go on the stage; there was the tailor who used to visit Mlle. Dard, and who spilt the water on the stairs . . .

"Which water?" Mace asked.

"The water he carried up from the well for her."

Mace kept walking about the street talking to people. It was the chemist opposite who told him that the tailor was called Pierre something, and used to bring some of his work for Mlle. Dard to do. The tailor lived, the chemist said, in the Rue Mazarin.

The eye-dressmaker, now turned chorus girl, was found — but she had lost the run of Pierre, who had married and moved away. She did reveal, in her gossipy way, to Mace that the tailor, who never seemed to work hard, always had money, was interested in politics, spoke at public meetings, played cards, drank, and was nicknamed *Vairbo*. Also, he had a friend, a common-looking little man named *Desire* — she did not know his other name. The girl Dard also knew where *Desire's* aunt lived.

Desire, the aunt said, when he contacted her, had private manners, but was a tight-fisted old man. She had not seen him for a month, but that did not worry her. *Desire's* name was *Bordasse*.

Mace halted in his stride. Here, in the strange chain of gossip, was a name with the initial B. He showed the aunt the sock taken from the leg in the well, marked

x B x

and she said it was undoubtedly that of her nephew *Desire*. She herself had put on the identifica-

tion mark. It was a lead. A scar which had been noticed on the second leg was described — the aunt recognised it. Mace had done, by patient talking and thorough investigation, the apparently impossible. He had identified those truncated legs, and he knew more than a bit of their background.

Never downcast, never excited by success, Mace talked his way on and on, picking from masses of gossip, with the eye of a connoisseur, the gems of relevant fact. From the first he established *Bordasse's* identity his task became easier and easier. The callus in which the leg had been sewn — *Vairbo* the tailor — Dard the eye-dressmaker who worked for *Vairbo*, and lived in the house in the well of which the leg had been found — they all came together, pieces dovetailed together.

When, many months later, after a trial which was the sensation of Paris, *Vairbo* went to the guillotine, publicly, or down, the murder of old *Desire Bordasse* was arranged, and *Ringuet* and *Lampson*, who started it all, were the smallest of the figures in the police picture.

The murder and scattering of *Bordasse* had been, *Vairbo* must have known, as he mounted the scaffold, the perfect crime. He fell down nowhere. He left no clue of any value to the police. He destroyed the identity of his victim and his own tracks. But he did spill water on the stairs: the old concierge who mopped it up remembered and talked about it — and that accidental spilling of the water, unrelated to the actual crime, was the clue that unravelled the whole tangled web of deceit.



"The dark glasses? . . . Oh, I can't bear to see *Mysle* work hard!"

Common Colds Are DANGEROUS



The greatest cause of absenteeism, colds remain a medical mystery.

THE common cold is so universal in its attachments that it is rather remarkable that its cause is still a mystery; and despite the mighty advances in medicine in recent years, hope of a solution is still vague.

Science, however, is a persevering craft, and continues to concentrate all its means to discover a counter to the persistent and dogged common cold virus. It is a worthwhile task, for the complaint is responsible for more absenteeism from industry than all other diseases combined, and the discovery of a cure would, consequently, be of incalculable value from all points of view.

It is elementary that colds are contagious, and as far back as the 18th century, a Scottish physician, by studying the inhabitants of an isolated island in the Hebrides, noted that colds became almost general on the island following the arrival of the first ship of the

season. His observations were corroborated with denials, and final proof that he was right was not forthcoming for nearly 200 years.

In the present century, intensive research at Spitzbergen — a port which is for some months inaccessible from the sea because it is frozen — revealed that after a cold-free winter, the postman "brought" a cold within 24 hours after the first ship of the season arrived, and thereafter the incidence of the complaint increased with the advent of new ships, until every inhabitant was a sufferer. With the harbor again ice-bound, colds disappeared.

It is obviously impracticable to shut oneself off from the world on the score that colds are transmitted from person to person, and even more so when it is remembered that experiments have indicated that by breathing the air in a room long since vacated by a sufferer, the virus is still potent.

The common cold's complete impartiality in choosing victims has made all of us aware of its symptoms. It is well to know, however, that there are three stages in its course: first, the feeling of being unwell, with an accompanying rise in temperature and headache; second, the arrival of the cold, causing the mucous membranes to become swollen and the nasal passages blocked; and third, the "now-running" stage.

Prompt recognition of the first stage and appropriate treatment will often result in warding off the other stages.

No scientist has yet succeeded in identifying the specific germ which causes the common cold. Three schools of thought respectively attribute the complaint to a bacillus, a micrococcus, and a staphylococcus.

A Columbian physician discovered a medium by which a filterable virus could be cultured. Now, viruses are in themselves a mystery, for biologists are still unable to answer the questions: "Are they living or dead?" They may be defined as particular bodies capable of causing disease in animals or plants, and too small to be seen with even the best microscope.

Hugh Nicol in *Microbes by the Millions*, says: "Viruses have quite recently been obtained crystalline, that is, of indubitable crystals . . . your opinion, and anyone else's, as to whether viruses are living or dead, is as valid as that of the virus experts. Until this demonstration of the crystalline nature of viruses was made, writers on viruses used to say: 'We are not yet sure whether a virus is a substance (dead) or

an organism (living),' but this said it with the idea that some day the proof that it belonged to one class or the other would emerge. That day has not come, for we still have no criterion of what is living or what is dead."

The virus which was secured by the Columbian physician was present only in the nasal secretions of people with colds, so it is reasonable to assume that it is the cause of the cold. But a filterable virus is a most elusive object, for it cannot be seen, heard, touched, tasted, or held on a filter.

Because of our inability to isolate the virus, it is impossible to make a vaccine. Proprietary vaccines, which are manufactured from "cold" organisms have value, although their effect is against the secondary stage of a cold.

Contrary to popular belief, colds are in themselves independent of seasons. It is true that the incidence is higher in winter, but this is probably because people not only wear more clothing, but, in addition, work in closed rooms and consequently inhale a greater quantity of "infected" air.

Contributory factors towards "catching" a cold are wet feet, draughts, sudden changes of temperature, excessive clothing, and fatigue. I say "contributory", because the effect of such conditions is to lower one's resistance generally, with a consequent reduction on the ability to withstand the attacks of the virus.

Scientists, like geniuses, possess an infinite capacity for taking pains. Heiser, an eminent American authority, says:

"All this searching and peering

to find our scientific facts accurately costs a great deal of money. Ten thousand dollars went just to determine whether treatment of people by violet rays had any influence on colds. One group who always had colds, and another who never had them, were treated, and in the end it made no difference. But unless the experiment had been conducted, we would never have known."

By a similar series of experiments it was learnt that race, sex, the presence or absence of tonsils, sleeping near an open window, smoking, drinking in moderation, and Christian Science have no influence on common colds.

Vitamin A, sometimes advocated as a cold preventative, does not combat the assault of the virus; but, by the same token, a deficiency of Vitamin A lowers resistance and, therefore, assists the virus. An increased intake of the vitamin will not defeat the complaint.

Physicians have branded as an old wives' tale the saw: "Feed a cold and starve a fever," for it is likely that the omission of a meal will expedite recovery. A much more worthy treatment is rest in bed. Remedies of good results are helpful, though chiefly because they assist the patient to breathe more freely and generally relieve discomfort.

From the point of view of individual efficiency, the common cold is indeed a nuisance. Infinitely more serious, however, is the fact that it may lead to much more serious diseases. Therefore, the complaint which we are prone to consider a trivial malady becomes, perhaps, a prelude to a long illness.

If the cold reaches the respiratory organs, it may cause pneumonia. Measles, whooping cough, and tubercular viruses are always in willing accomplices.

Although it may generally be accepted that the common cold must run its course, this principle must not be taken too lightly. Treatment is necessary — and, I repeat, the most effective of all treatments is rest in bed.

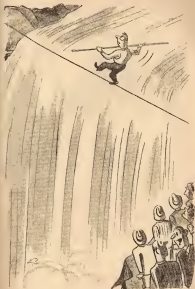
Often it has been said that an untreated cold lasts a fortnight, whilst a treated cold can be cured in two weeks. This is a dangerous philosophy, for it offers the patient an inducement to avoid taking simple precautions.

Will an effective cure for the common cold be found?

Science has achieved mighty things over the past few years, and it cannot be doubted that a preventative will some day be found. In 1943, the substance Patulin was given large-scale clinical tests and was hailed in some quarters as a cure. A further group of scientists, however, concluded that Patulin "had no demonstrable effects on the courses of the colds which were treated."

Thus arose a position where two sets of equally distinguished medical men were at cross purposes regarding the efficacy of an alleged cure. It would be wrong to conclude that the position indicates a lack of knowledge on either side; for, in the world of science, disagreement amongst experts has always been a healthy sign.

Let me say, in conclusion, that the common cold is not so trivial a complaint as we are prone to think.



"He had to take the consequence on one of these Quin shows!"

Alpine ROUND-UP



MERVYN ANDREWS

With the first fall of snow the mountaineers echo to the Song of the Salt.

"S-A-L-T! S-a-l-t!
Come on! Come o-o-on!
S-a-l-t!"

Old Peter Magnus would never have earned a place in a church choir or as a grand opera chorus on the strength of his singing ability, but with the blue dome of the heavens as a canopy, the uplands of the Bogong High Plains as an altar, Peter's enormously drawled chant has the same magnetic effect on his hearers as had Peter, the Hermit's, exhortations on the Crusaders.

The full-throated tones, absorbing grandeur from the rugged sublimity of the alpine heights, ramble across the snow-dappled plateau, vibrate among the tortuously contorted limbs of the snow gums, tumble down the steep-sided gullies, and bounce in echo from side to side of the deepest ravines and gorges.

The cattle answer to that call, first with raised, alert heads, then

pricked, large, liquid eyes staring resentant at this false note in Nature's lullaby, then with shouts of defiance at the unseen intruder, followed, as bovine instinct for balanced diet brings realization of the significance of the song, with a lumbering trot, breaking soon to a stiff-legged, awkward canter.

As gaily equipped as the Crusaders' chargers they come, these wild, mountain cattle, strawberry rears and Shorthorns with twin daggers poised on their heads; the red, white-pointed cloaks of Herefords with dual curving saddles mounted over their white face masks; the gleaming, sable coats of the Follad Angus with the blunt, rounded battering rams of their beardless heads.

Like the children of Hamelin after their piper, they followed eagerly, mulling and lowering, their long tongues licking avidly at the thin, dirty-grey crystal-trail which Peter Magnus lays sparingly as

he rides along, gathering more and yet more beasts in his wake with the yodelling of his rallying hymn.

The trail is a trail of salt, the lure and the magnet; the most potent savoury to all live stock. The bovine palate, rather than appreciation of the art of the singer, draws the attendant beasts to the main mustering ground.

On the Dargo High Plains, south of Mount Hotham, on the Bogong High Plains in the quadrangle of Hotham, Mount Featherston, Mount Wills, and Omeo, in Victoria, and on the Monaro and similar localities in New South Wales, cottlemen of the hills, like Peter Magnus, ride out every year for the High Plains' round-up.

The yearlings and older stock, not yet ready for market topping on the rich, fertile, river flats, are drafted out in September or early October and driven up gullies and spurs from all around the High Plains. There they are left to find their own way to the first of the spring grasses piercing the thawing snow on the plateau.

They graze undisturbed by man save an occasional tourist or poacher, or a stockman replenishing the salt troughs, until late March or early April, where the heaviest of the mustering, gathering the beasts from the rough, steep gullies of the main grazing area, is overdone by the "Song of the Salt."

An early break in the weather, with a fall of snow, may catch the cottlemen unawares. Then it is that the city tourist, if he secures a trip over the Alpine Highway from Bright to Omeo, for instance, may get just sufficient insight into

the spirit of the alpine cottlemen's life to wish to see more of it.

The tourist is mildly surprised at the sight of the rider on the creek road in the foothills. This is just an ordinary bushman, a wiry, little body, a healthy-looking, clean-shaven face, but he is essentially part of the centering horse.

It is the cooled stockman in the rider's hand, and the laden pack-horse trotting at his knee that fires the imagination of the tourist as a chapped, gun-toting cowboy on a film hearing stirs the romantic that is in every boy. That rider is the epitome of a new, unknown life to the city man.

If the tourist has travelled that road before at that time of the year, the sight of many such riders all heading for the bridle-track up Featherston tells him that there has been a fall of snow on the plateau and that he may not be able to get through.

As he drops down over Brandy Flat, past Blacher, Casey's, Randall's, to Victoria River, he sees more, and yet more stockmen, all headed for the rendezvous at the salt. These are the men from Cobarras and Omeo.

Beyond Omeo, the once golden, past the Blue Duck and on to Glen Wills, other riders seek other ways up to the High Plains, whilst through Sunnyside, where the road scratches the shoulder of Mount Wills, the men from the Mitta Mitta and Kiewa Valleys are heading south for the snow muster. Four, five, and even six generations of mountain cottlemen have done the round-up through the years.

It is not all beer and skittles, crooning song, or saddle-rocking

center. You may see a dressy rider drifting lazily along at the tail or wing of a docile, crowding herd, his right leg saving carefully back over the pommel of the saddle, the reins hanging loosely, while he rolls a cigarette or packs a pipe. But he has had his share of riding before you saw that listless pose.

That man has raced at break-neck speed over broken, rock-strewn ground with the scrub whipping at his legs, the tree trunks shaving his knee-caps, and the snow gums' crooked branches threatening to tear him from the saddle. He has done this, perhaps, to cut off or turn back a break-away steer, resentful of the interference of man.

Hunting for stragglers, or chasing a half-wild, possibly sick beast, a "lone wolf," which is as likely to charge the rider as to run away from him, he has slid his mount into steep gullies, "lifted" him up precipitous walls, and forced his way through dense, tearing scrub at near-racing pace.

He and his "hardy mountain pair" have been "wherever horse and man could go" and he has hard riding yet to do on the drive down to the foothills and on the cutting out on the flats.

Other men of the Alps do not work the snow country except in conjunction with adjoining areas below the snow line. Such men operate in their hundreds throughout the Australian Alps. The beasts look after themselves when the snow covers the higher ground, seeking the native grasses in the gullies. Mount Gibbo on the road between Ormeo and Corryong is

one spot typical of such areas.

Such men mainly work on the backs of a trip in twice or three times a year for inspection and to renew salt, and a regular yearly mustering to draft out the beasts ready for roping.

Fences are, of course, unknown in such areas and a general roundup, with all interested assisting, is occasionally required for branding and the like. As on the High Plains, most of these areas are unmarked by roads.

Thousands of head of cattle crop the summer grazing of roughly thirty miles square constituting the Bigong High Plains, but there is little mixing of stock, except those from the same district. Ormeo horses mostly reach those from Bright, Harriettville, or Tarrango in their grazing and the men from each district do the mustering together, drive the full herd to the foothills and cut out, if used be, on the creek flats.

Thousands more do the same on the Dargo and the Monaro. Grown hardy and strong on the alternate summer and winter grazing they are mustered for the last time on the snowfields and driven down to spend the last few months of their existence "topping off" on the river flats as the home paddock until they reach that desirable condition which produces prime beef for your dinner table, if such is your taste, and posturing, of course, that you have the necessary coupons.

As you view, with pleasurable anticipation, your favorite cut on the dinner plate, you may be tempted to call, as did Peter Maginnis, "Salt! Salt!"



"I feared if you didn't like baby's meat but I could never sit."



Plan for THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 17)

PREPARED BY W. NATHAN SHARP, ARAIA

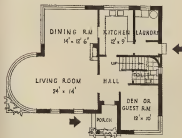
Two things are driving home builders of the present turbulent times to consider plans for homes in a much smaller scale than they ever anticipated having to do. The first is the high cost of housing owing to the devastated purchasing power of money, and the second is the long period of building, due to the inefficiency and irregular supply of materials. It is frequently considered desirable to build a small home for which there is a reasonable chance of obtaining enough materials, then a large one which would only be finished after endless delays.

The current CAVALCADE home is offered as a solution for those who desire a fairly large home but could make do with a medium-sized one. It has other possibilities too. Those whose ideas run to a home of just this size might like the idea of building only the lower floor now and adding the first floor later. With the

(Continued on page 61)



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



GROUND FLOOR PLAN



addition of a shower in the laundry and possibly a temporary partition to convert the dining room into a second bedroom, the ground floor could serve as a complete house until building conditions improve.

One big advantage of this scheme is that the area of the ground floor of this house is within the limit allowed without permits in those portions of the Commonwealth where restrictions still apply.

The house presents an outside appearance that is in keeping with modern trends, and is made particularly interesting by means of the open deck over the living room and the irregular shape of the first floor. Open planning on the ground floor provides a large free area for entertaining, making the living and dining rooms virtually one. The third room on the ground floor might be used for a variety of purposes.

The stairs are imposing without being pretentious, and a useful toilet room is located under the upper flight. The kitchen is conveniently situated in relation to the dining room and the entrance door. The layout of the kitchen lends itself to the installation of the most modern equipment in the proper working sequence.

There are two bedrooms on the first floor, each with built-in wardrobes of sufficient size to make most other furniture unnecessary. The bathroom is convenient to both of them. The deck is approached through a door off the landing, and part of this also could be utilized for another bedroom should this ever become necessary.

While the room sizes are capable of considerable variation, the house as shown is 18 squares in area. At the present time the building cost per square is from £130 to £150, according to the quality of the finish and the locality. The minimum frontage required is 42 feet.

PRELIMINARY PLANNING

By W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

IN the early stages of house planning there is a tendency among the inexperienced to lose sight of the broader outlines for irrelevant details. While the little details do make all the difference between a house and a home, the broad lines of the general layout are far more important in the early stages.

For instance, interest in the last decade has focussed on the kitchen. This is quite right, and it did not need the modern terms of "nerve centre," "work centre" and so on to tell us that a great many hours of every woman's life are spent in the kitchen.

But conceding all that, the position of the kitchen is far more important at the outset than the location of the cutting boards to the sink. In other words, the general layout of the entire house must be determined before the detailed planning of the kitchen is commenced. Many a kitchen that is perfect in its internal layout is spoilt by its position in the house.

The first thing to do is to keep the kitchen away from the west. Most Australian families have their dinner at the evening meal, so that most of the better kitchen work is done in the afternoon. We all know what the hot summer afternoon sun streaming in through a window on the west will do to a room.

But the kitchen must also be as near as possible to the dining room, adjoining it for preference. It should be possible either to pass

food and utensils through a server between kitchen and dining room, or walk direct from one room to the other.

Then, as at most homes now, it is the housewife who does the kitchen work, a long walk from the kitchen to the front door must be avoided. But that isn't all. There is still the back door. One should not have to journey from one end of the house to the other to interview the tradesmen, or check back into the kitchen to see what needs replenishing.

It maybe that with every other factor in the plan perfect, the west is the only aspect for the kitchen. It may be that the west is the high side and if the kitchen were anywhere else it could only be approached from the outside up a flight of steps.

Well, all these things have to be straightened out before the matter of cutting boards can be attended to.

The same thing applies to a lesser degree with the other rooms. All rooms should get some sun some part of the day. The bedroom, in which one-third of our lives are spent, should be sunny for portion of the day. As the living room is used mostly in the afternoon, it shouldn't suffer much if it is cold in the morning.

But some sun in the bathroom—usually the most neglected room in the house from that point of view—in the early morning would be a Godsend.



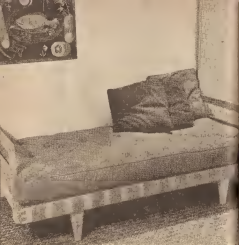
*I*deas **FOR THE HOME OF TODAY**

Space-Savers which make one room do the work of two. Here, we show you a comfortable armchair with a secret. Hidden in the well-padded arms are deep cavities, suitable for tucking away books, newspapers, knitting slippers, or any of the oddments which, hoisted separately, take up so much space. The tufted top is hinged, and when closed leaves no indication of its dual role.

When is a table not a table? Obviously, none is the answer. The original was built into a hall outside a kitchen, and saved an extra room, yet avoided the necessity of eating in the kitchen. It seats four people, and is held steady by the wide legs. When not in use, the table folds up into the ornaments moulding on the wall, and the legs lock into sockets, keeping it firmly but unobtrusively out of the way.



*Unit upholstered furniture, modern styling, practical in use.
Ideal for living room or office. 1-11 is a good size.
For 2 living room, which gets 2 for it, better, or in all living room.*



The day-bed is a useful supplement to any home. This one is made of light and dark wood used in a check design. The cover is deep tufted, and has twisted rolled edges. By day it is a comfortable spot for relaxing, the cushions making up for the absence of a backrest. And at night, the ends make it eminently suitable for accommodating the unexpected guest.



Finally, a bookcase-cum-writing desk which takes up a minimum amount of space. Once again, this is unit furniture, enabling extensions to be made as your library—and funds—permit. Wooden lids on the bookshelves pull out and slide back into the shelves, but are not dust gatherers. The top shelf of the writing desk pulls down to make a table and discloses pigeonholes.



TOMORROW'S

TELEVISION sets, when various technical difficulties have been overcome, will use one wall of a room as a screen. The wall, specially prepared, will enable the actors and setting to be seen in true perspective.

BETTER, juicier, and finer steaks will come to your plate when the use of phosphorus compounds in the soil has been fully exploited. Cattle feeding on phosphorus-fertilized oat pastures have shown an improvement not only in size, but in the quality of the meat they produce.

ATOMIC power harnessed to small aeroplanes, will make air travel safer, and cheap enough for everyone. Without fuel weight, the plane requires less wingspan, and will fit into the family garage.

CHEMICALS derived from mercury form the basis of a compound which destroys bacteria. Textiles impregnated with this compound will remain completely

germproof. More, dress fabrics treated with this same compound will outlast untreated fabrics. The chemicals destroy the bacteria which attack perspiration, with the consequent destruction of the material.

ELECTRONIC "blow torches" will soon revolutionize industry, promises American expert Dr. J. A. Hutchison. The device projects electronic waves on to the material to be heated, thus making it possible to bond oddly-shaped joints in difficult places.

RADAR will take the life-or-loss element out of commercial fishing. The short radio waves emitted by radar affects the schools of fish and for some unknown reason attracts them to the trawler. It is then merely a matter of scooping them into the holds with the nets.

FOR the camping enthusiast: a trailer, 18 feet long, is made entirely of aluminum and magnesium, excepting the axle. The promised model weighs about half



WORLD

that of the early types, is stronger and roomier. There are beds for four people, and a small but compact kitchen containing sink, cupboard and stove.

A NEW electric razor is pistol-shaped, and has the cutting face in the sides of the cone-shaped end. The rotating cutting blade is kept in contact with the perforated sloping point by centrifugal force. As well as cutting the whiskers, the razor blows the fuzz away as it is removed.

WINTER sport will be brightened by the introduction of magnesium skis. These are said to be lighter, faster and more durable than wooden skis. Moreover, the metal jobs require no waxing, and are suitable for all snow conditions.

YOU will enjoy your movies in true comfort in the future theatres. The screen will be on the ceiling. The seats will not be the old, tipping variety, but comfortable full-length couches stretched

for reclining. This optimistic, but novel forecast comes, of course, from America.

IMAGINE telling the girl friend that her feathers are showing. Yet this will be literally possible when the new fabrics made from chicken feathers are being worn. Made from the down of feathers, known as "barbs," the soft fluff is mixed with other fibres, spun into thread and thence into material.

A TWO-ENGINEED helicopter, with a cruising speed of 90 to 100 miles an hour is about to be placed into production in America.

Designed to carry eight persons, it has two 300 h.p. engines and windmill-like rotor blades 56 feet long.

"The failure of one engine will not result in any appreciable change in the operating characteristics of the craft," says the manufacturer. "In the event of one engine failure it would take less than one-tenth of a second to switch over to single engine operation."



Factor

IT'S ALWAYS A THRILL—



—AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

Factor



Nude!

DIGNITY ENDS—



—WHEN ACTION BEGINS.



Bullfinch

NO NEED FOR THE OIL-CAN—



—WHEN THE WHEELS STOP TURNING.

Le Gacy



Problem of the Month

Two commercial travellers, whom we shall call Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones, for the sake of originality, were waiting for their train to arrive at a country station. Mr. Smith was travelling light, but Mr. Jones had a huge stack of luggage. Mr. Jones was beefing about the amount of excess payment he would have to make on his luggage. "Six and threepence," he complained. Mr. Smith was always willing to help a friend, so he suggested to Mr. Jones that he would take some of his luggage, since he had, himself, very little. And Mr. Smith took 120 pounds of Mr. Jones' luggage. He paid twopence excess luggage rate, and Mr. Brown paid 1s 3d excess. How much excess luggage did Mr. Brown have in the first place?

Answer

If Mr. Jones had taken all his luggage, he would have paid 3s more than he did. Therefore, 5s excess charge on 120 pounds, is one halfpenny per pound. Mr. Smith paid 10d on a total of 120 pounds, his excess weight at 3d per pound must be 20 pounds. Mr. Jones paid 1s 3d excess on his luggage, which must have been 100 pounds plus 3d halfpenny for that amount — there fore the total weight of Mr. Jones' luggage was 250 pounds.

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GUARANTEED NEVER TO FADE OR SHRINK!

**PANDER TO YOUR PALATE
WITH MYNOR FRUIT CUP!**

MYNOR ON SALE

THERE'S MYNOR FOR YOU TO-DAY

MADE FROM THE JUICES OF FRESH ORANGES, LEMONS, PINEAPPLE- AND PASSIONFRUIT

Drink your health - Drink MYNOR FRUIT CUP

Cavalcade's FICTION SECTION



YELLOW DEVILS

The old man and the young soldier shared a hatred for the "little yellow devils."

JOHN BYRNE

MR. MEDLICOTT glanced at his watch and immediately quickened his pace. He'd be late if he didn't hurry, and that would never do. In the forty years he'd been senior book-keeper at Palmer & Trough's, he'd prided himself on his punctuality; to reach the great door of the warehouse at eight forty-five every morning had become a habit with him.

As he hastened through the Treasury Gardens, mopping his perspiring brow, he had to admit he was getting old. His legs refused to be hurried. Sighing wistfully, he dropped back into the old measured steps as he approached the familiar seat by the gravel path. It was occupied this morning by a man in khaki, who, seemingly absorbed in polishing a stout

stick, started at Mr. Medlicott's step. Mr. Medlicott smiled a greeting. Immediately the soldier sprang to attention and using the stick as a rifle, brought it smartly to the "Present," accompanying the movement with a raucous "Present Arms!" Mr. Medlicott, entering into the spirit of the moment touched his hat in a military salute, and with mock severity, returned a guttural "Carry on, Soldier."

Very much to Mr. Medlicott's surprise the soldier did carry on. He lowered the stick and pointing it at an inoffensive bush, shouted "Charge," and forthwith commenced to lay about the bush with all his might.

"I say," Mr. Medlicott protested, tremulously, "don't do that."

"Why not?" the soldier queried. "The little yellow devils want Australia — to make us slaves. They'll put us out of work if I don't kill the werra."

Mr. Medlicott was puzzled. The man was undoubtedly in earnest, and continued to thrust at the shrub in determined warlike fashion, foisting at the mouth and muttering wild oaths. And then, suddenly, Mr. Medlicott understood. Timidly he waited until the soldier's back was turned and quickly shuffled away.

The grey-haired clerk was already bent over his desk when Mr. Medlicott, hot and perspiring, entered the dingy office, hung up his faded hat and removed his coat.

"Dear me!" he remarked, pointing as he mounted the shiny stool. "Laf! Can you imagine that, Jim? I'm late. First time in my life."

But the clerk's scowling pen was all that answered him. Mr. Medlicott adjusted his spectacles and looked over them enquiringly at his assistant.

"Not talking this morning, Jim?"

Still no reply. Mr. Medlicott, sensing something unusual in the other's continued silence, climbed down from his stool and, laying a kindly hand on the grey head, said:

"What's the matter, Jim? Anything wrong?"

"I'm sicked!" Jim's old voice trembled. "Sicked, Mr. Medlicott. Thirty-nine years I've spent in this office with you, and now, when I'm too old to get another job, I'm pushed out like a bag of rubbish."

Mr. Medlicott's kindly eyes dimmed as he laid a sympathetic hand on the bare shoulders of his colleague.

"But why, Jim? What did the boss say?"

Jim pointed to a small packing case at his feet. Mr. Medlicott hadn't noticed it before. Bending over it, he carefully pushed back the straw.

"Huh!" he granted, nodding his head ruefully. "One of those new-fangled adding machines, eh?"

"Yes," Jim replied, "and there's a girl coming to work it to-morrow."

"A girl?" Mr. Medlicott was horrified. "There'll be no girl in this office, Jim. I've done the work here for forty years and never a mistake have the Auditors found. I won't have a girl to help me now. No, I won't."

"Don't be silly," Jim replied,

disconsolately. "You can't do anything about it, Mr. Medlicott. It's just got to be. Everything's done by machinery now."

But Mr. Medlicott couldn't see that.

"I'll have no yellow-buttoned clattering machine in my office," he vowed, thumping the desk with a shaky hand. "I'll see the boss about it." And Mr. Medlicott shuffled fustily out, wriggling into his coat.

Mr. Trough was very patient, listening to Mr. Medlicott's complaint in polite silence.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Medlicott," he said, when a pause gave him the opportunity to speak. "I'm afraid the machine has come to stay. We must move with the times, you know; can't let sentiment stand in the way of progress."

"Then put me in another room. Su," Mr. Medlicott pleaded. "I couldn't stand its clatter in my own all day long."

"I'm afraid that's impossible," Mr. Trough replied shortly, as he extracted a small brown envelope from his table drawer. "Here's a month's salary for you. We won't need your services after the end of this week."

Mr. Medlicott was struck dumb, gazing at the pay envelope Mr. Trough thrust into his unwilling hand. He looked at it a moment.

"You mean—?"

"Yes, Mr. Medlicott. I'm sorry."

Mr. Medlicott stood still a full minute, frozen into silence but following Mr. Trough's every movement with his unblinking eye. Then slowly turning, he

quietly left the room. As in a dream he made his faltering way to his office, pushed the door noiselessly open, and entered, still holding the envelope in his hand.

"You too?" Jim queried tonelessly.

Mr. Medlicott nodded his head in silence.

Together they gazed at the bright yellow buttons of the adding machine, Mr. Medlicott lielessly struggling out of his coat. Then, as if by common consent, moaned their stools and slowly reached for their pens.

The soldier was there again the next morning and jumped to attention at Mr. Medlicott's approach.

"I killed eight yellow devils yesterday, Captain," he said jubilantly.

"Good work," Mr. Medlicott replied, and quickly passed on, unwilling to be detained.

One day of that machine's clacking and whirling was too much for Mr. Medlicott's nerves and he went home that evening with a headache and strangely frightened. The next morning he left the cold comfort of his room in the boarding house determined to master his fear of the wrenched machine. But as he walked his terror grew and he was glad when he again met the poor demoralized soldier. He talked with him, the hours fleeting unnoted, until with a start he remembered the office and his uncompleted last week. But it was too late to go now. The following morning and the next, it was just the same; Mr. Medlicott couldn't pass his friend in khaki. He felt drawn to him in some strange way, and eventually the office

was bawled from his mind. One morning Mr. "Medicott made the painful discovery that all his money was spent.

"I'm broke, Cobber," he said quietly, as the unbidden tears welled behind his spectacles. "Stoney broke."

"It's them yellow devils, Captain," the soldier said with an oath. "It's them that lost you your job. Come on, Let's get 'em! And he charged the bush, dragging Mr. Medicott with him.

Somehow Mr. Medicott thrived at that charge. True, he hadn't the strength of his companion, neither had he a stick, but he found a new joy in shouting at the bush, kicking it viciously and swinging at its branches with his weakened fists.

"That'll teach 'em, Cobber," he said, panting, but happily satisfied, as together they flung themselves on the soft grass, exhausted and victorious.



A Magazine of Good Living
1/- MONTHLY

Thereafter Mr. Medicott and the soldier drilled each other daily on the lawns, causing passersby to stop and stare in amazement. As time went on they played at "Patrols," charging imaginary enemies in the bushes, accompanying their futile exertions with belligerent shouts of "Kill the yellow swine!" They slept together under a shady bush, for Mr. Medicott had long since left the boarding house.

He awoke one morning to find the soldier gone. Mr. Medicott grew alarmed, and grasping the stick crawled from under the leafy roof, calling for his comrade. Receiving no reply, he flung himself disconsolately on the seat hugging the stick to him in an affectionate embrace.

"So the yellow devils got you, Cobber," he mumbled, his eyes roving furtively in search of the enemy. "The swine! I know where they're hiding. I'll get 'em."

Mumbling incoherently, he rose and walked the old familiar way to the warehouse. The selection on the ground floor looked up in surprise as the bedraggled figure entered, holding his stick menacingly in both hands. Slowly he turned into his office. It was fortunate that Miss Tarbot was out, or she might have shared the fate of the adding machine.

"You dirty yellow swine!" Mr. Medicott said in his quivering voice. There followed a crash as he brought his stick down on the machine. In a frenzy of insane fury he continued to belabor it until it fell to the floor; then, his heart suddenly failing, Mr. Medicott crumpled on top of the yellow buttons which had been his enemies.

Mobiloil

Still the world's Quality Oil

removes fluid at low temperatures
relaxes body under heat
Mobiloil gives easier starting
quicker oil supply to bearings
better protection



VACUUM OIL COMPANY PTY. LTD.

(See 10 April)



TOBY came down through the Domain and wheeled around through the 'Loo. He parked the car, as he had done so often, close up to the wharf, got out, slammed the door and locked it, and disappeared into the lengthening shadows towards the Cross.

He went up along a street where the houses crouched drunkenly together. Houses with smeared, see-didly curtained curtains. Here and there a house stood out clean and fresh like a child in a rank of painted strumpets.

The house to which he went had the key in the door. Toby looked warily up and down the street, his eyes as alert as those of a mongrel

dog avoiding a kick. Then he opened the door and went in.

Old Bert looked up as the shadow fell across the evening paper he was reading.

"Ma," he howled "Ma . . ."
"Shut up, you damn fool," whispered Toby. "Want to bring everybody down to see me?"

Ma edged her grossly fat body through the narrow back door.

"Why don't you go outside and tell everybody, you damn rag," she snapped at old Bert. He cringed back into the shadow.

"Where is she?" demanded Toby.

Ma jerked her head towards the stairs.

Time and Tide

Toby had problems, but thought he could get over them. The infallibility of a proverb proved him wrong.

JOHN OULTON

open. They were blue and the grubby bandages on her face made them seem even larger. Her hair was flat, damply dark at the roots with sweat.

"S'all right, dearie," said Ma gruffly. "We're going to get you to hospital."

"I'm not going to hospital," she said, weakly.

"Shut up," snapped Toby. "You're pretty bad. You can't die here."

"She ain't goin' to die," said Ma. "If she goes here, she will die. Get her clothes," snapped Toby. "Go on — hurry up. We got to do something before she passes out."

Ma grimaced, but went over to the curtained corner of the room and groped in its musty depths. She came back with a soft fur coat, and a dress that was obviously not bought off the rack.

Toby scooped the girl to the edge of the bed. She moaned and went limp again.

"Down . . ." he said. "Ma . . ."

Ma chuckled grotesquely. "I thought she'd pass out," she said. "No guts. No guts at all."

"After what she's been through

Toby nodded. He went up the stairs like a shadow, stepping carefully and avoiding the stairs where they creaked.

In spite of her bulk, Ma went up as silently as the dark, sallow man whose face was scarred on the left side from the ear to the corner of the mouth.

They went into the small back upstairs room.

"She's pretty far gone," said Ma, not caring whether the girl on the bed heard or not.

There was no movement from the bed.

"Where's her clothes?" demanded Toby. "We'd better get her dressed."

The girl's eyes flickered slowly

Tek!

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AND CREAM — MODERN MEDICINE ETC.

she's lucky to be alive," said Toby.
"What're you going to do with her?" asked Ma, stripping off the nightgown and pulling the dress over the inert bandaged head.

Toby held the girl on her feet while Ma got all the dress down around the girl's knees.

"I dunno," he grunted. For a small girl, she was heavy when she was unconscious.

"You shoulda taken her to the hospital in the first place," preached Ma, slipping the girl's arms into the coat.

"Yeah? And have every cop in town down on us?"

"What's wrong with Nick, anyhow?" whined Ma. "Look after her," he says, and goes off. I ain't seen him since, and that was a week ago."

"You won't see him again either," said Toby, getting his arm around the girl and letting her sink back on to the bed.

"Did . . .?" began Ma, and then clapped her hand across her mouth, for Toby's eyebrow had hinted a trade.

Ma grunted.

"What're you going to do with her?" she asked. "Ain't I allowed to ask that, either?"

"Okay, Ma. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to take her down to the car."

"What car?"

"Nick's car," said Toby, softly. "I got it — now."

"Oh."

"An' I'm going to drive it up the mountains, see? An' then I know a few spots up there where nobody ever goes. An' there's a few surprises waiting anybody who ever does go there . . ."

"You gonna' to bring that car up here?"

"What d'y' think I am? Might as well send out invitations for a party and make a night of it. Bring the car up here," he snorted.

"I left it down at the wharf. I gotta wait a while yet. About eleven o'clock, I'll take her down."

"She can't walk," said Ma, tying the girl, still unconscious. "And she'll still be out to it."

"I know," said Toby, impatiently. "Got any plunk?"

"Course. Anythin' you want, Tobe. You oughta know that. But you don't drink it."

"Who said I was gonna' to drink it? I wouldn't drink the stuff you keep, anyhow. Go and get me a bottle."

Ma heaved her bulk through the doorway. The room was very still. Toby bent over the girl, moving the bandages on her arm and face. The movement had started the slumber bleeding again.

She was moaning a little.

"Don't do it, Nick. I wouldn't do a thing like that to you, Nick. Nick . . . Nick . . ." She moved a hand weakly. "Not that, Nick. Please. I'll go right away. I want to get out of it. Right away, Nick. Where nobody knows me."

Ma came in silently with the opened bottle.

Toby took it from her, unscrewed the contents of the bottle, grimaced, and poured them over the girl's forehead.

"Now, d'ye see, Ma," asked Toby. "Round about eleven, I'll walk down to the car with her. She's asleep, see? Just asleep. Nobody's gonna' to ask any questions."

"How about her face?"

"Have you got a scarf?"
"Think so."

Ma stretched in a chest of drawers and came back with a filmy scarlet scarf. They tied it over her head, muffling her face so that the bandages were barely visible.

They sat together silently in the frosty little room until the church clock chimed out eleven. Toby got the still unconscious girl on to her feet, and down the stairs, Ma let him out through the back gate into a lane, closing it after them.

For such a small girl, she was heavy. He wished he could carry her, but that would cause too much attention. It was simpler to drag her along, with one arm around his shoulder and his arm around her waist.

He had his hat pulled down over his eyes, and was keeping his eyes on the ground just in case. That was why he was within a few yards of the car before he heard the cluster of voices or saw the crowd around the car. He stopped, uncertainly, and two of the men detached themselves from the crowd and came over to him.

"Well, if it isn't Toby," said one of the plainclothes men. "What brings you here?"

"Been to a party," said Toby. "She passed out. I'm taking her home."

"Was that your car parked over there?"

"What do you mean — was?"

"Well — a track decided — and your car isn't."

Toby swore silently, and tightened his grip on the girl. His arm ached dully with the strain.

She moved and began to moan:

"Nick . . . please don't do it. Not that, Nick. Please . . ."

The two men looked at one another and then speculatively at Toby. He let the girl go and she spilled down on to the road. The scarf came loose, and no stretch of imagination could disguise the bandages as the face of a drunken girl.

Toby tensed, ready to run, but one of the men held him. The other stooped down and looked at the girl. He straightened up quickly.

"We found Nick's body yesterday," he said. "We wondered where his car was. When we came down here to look at the smash, we recognised the car and wondered who had it. We were waiting for someone to claim it. Toby, m'boy, you've done it this time?"

"Nick?" he said, pretending surprise.

"Yeah. Come in on the high tide over the other side."

"Tide?"

"Sure. Washed him up on the other side of the Harbor. He's a bit of a mess — practically scooped him out of the water, but it's Nick all right."

The hoarsely summoned ambulance swooped down on them, sirens wailing. They put the girl in, and the dark car trailed the wailing siren back up the curve of the hill.

Toby crouched in the car.

"It was only a matter of time," said the driver.

Something flickered clumsily in the back of Toby's mind. He tried to finish the sentence, but memory proved faulty.

"Time and tide," he mumbled.

"Wait for no man," finished the cap. "But as — we wait."

STOP WEARING GLASSES

Remarkable Method of Eye Training
does away with need for glasses

Have you ever thought why you wear glasses? Is it because you think you can't see without them? Maybe you couldn't see the board clearly at school, so you were taken to an eye specialist who prescribed glasses — and you've worn them ever since.

And you've changed them a few times, haven't you? Yes, of course you have. Every year or so you've had to have a stronger pair because your eyes were getting weaker.

Anyway, you ask, what's it all about? Just this: you needn't wear them any longer. That is, of course, provided you're not one of those unusually lazy individuals.

Ever heard of Eye Culture? I don't mean just that exercise business . . . moving the eye around and all that . . . many people seem to think that's all there is to it, but there's far more to Eye Culture than just moving the eyes around.

There was a rather pathetic case of a girl who wanted to be a musician, she had talent, too, but there was a terrible handicap. One eye had been curved in since she was three, she had short sight and suffered a great deal of discomfort. She had worn glasses more than half her life. On top of all that she was very highly strung and had Nystagmus. Nystagmus, you know, is a condition in which the eyeball oscillates very quickly. In her case it moved continuously from side to side, about one-inch

of an inch. Oh! and another thing — she couldn't concentrate. If you pointed at one letter in a row she would always think you were pointing to one about 20in. away.

Anyway, she went to the Eye Culture rooms in July, 1941. In about 4 weeks all discomfort had disappeared and in 3 months there was noticeable improvement in every way. By October she was able to discard the glasses altogether. In July, 1941, the curved eye was much straighter, the Nystagmus much less noticeable, and the concentration was improved. By March, 1942, her sight was normal. A stranger couldn't detect any turn in the eye, all trace of Nystagmus had disappeared and she could concentrate on any given point with one or both eyes. She's now married and able to devote herself to music, as was her ambition. Remember, with eye culture there's no need for glasses. No appliances. No eye drops. No discomfort. Isn't that what you want?

Anyone can call for free consultation or get full particulars by sending a 2/6 stamped addressed envelope for informative booklet, "Protest Eyeglasses without Glasses," to

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EYE CULTURE (ESTABLISHED 1929)



THE flea-bitten grey, turning of its own accord into the yard of the butter factory, arriving at a step beside the loading platform at the refrigerator store. Its tired head drooped lower, and yet lower, until it was well below the jagged end of the string-bark sapling which did duty as the near-side shaft.

The ten pairs of rabbits hanging over each shaft between the horse's rump and the floor-board swung monotonously in time with the twenty paces evading for half an hour on a stick behind the seat. They hung dejectedly, the tips of their ears trailing in the dust.

Bill Hewlons clambered awkwardly and stiffly from the plank seat of the decrepit junker, tied the wheel with elaborate care, and admonished the scarecrow between the shafts.

"You bolt, you flamin' old cow, and I'll cut the tripe outa you."

Following which dire threat, Bill spat convulsively, wiped his grass, tattered coat sleeve across his mouth and nose, rubbed some of the dust and spittle off his long, black beard, then climbing up to the platform, disappeared into the store.

"Only forty pair, Bill?" queried Sam McLenin, the buyer. "By

crapes, you're slapping. Must be getting old."

"Old, me foot!" growled Bill. "Something's getting at me traps. There was ten or twelve gone this mornin'."

"Well, your traps must be getting old, then, losing their sensation."

"Aw, rats! Bet you ain't gonna to put your finger in one," Hewlons asserted belligerently. "No, warrens's going along one line ahead of me and pinching them."

"Tell you what! It's that bug killer dingo they chased from over Bridge way. He headed towards the Portuguese where you're trap-

Blood Money

He suspected his enemy was robbing his traps, and he planned his revenge.

MARK ANTHONY

ping The Yellow King, they call him—There's ten pounds for his scalp if you can get him, Bill."

"Yeah, I heard about him, I'll get him if he comes over my way, but this thief's a damned two-legged dingo, and his name's King, too."

"Garn! Lay off that kink of yours, Bill. Charlie King might be trapping the next gully to you, but he wouldn't touch your traps."

"Wouldn't he? Tell me how many pair he brought in this week?"

"One hundred and twenty, I think."

"There you are, then. He's on worse country than me; I've forgot more about trapping than he'll ever know, yet he gets three times as many carcasses as me. That's the blasted dingo, all right, and he's yellow, too."

Swinging on his heel, he strode out of the store to unload his rabbits. When he stood once more at the door, his dark eyes were ablaze with an insane fury and his grey-black, unkempt hair appeared to bristle up like that of a snarling cattle dog.

"And I'll get him, too!" he shouted to the amazed buyer, "I'll get that damned yellow-haired

dingo if it's the last thing I do!"

Sam McLean was a worried man. Old Bill was a good trapper, but he was none the less a hater, and once he got an idea fixed into that crinkly old head of his nothing would shift it. There was only one thing that Sam could do, and this he did when Charlie King drove into the store that afternoon.

"Aw, don't worry about him, Sam, he'll be all right. Anyway I'll keep my eye open for him and won't get in his way." King was disposed to laugh off Bill's threat and McLean's warning as of little account. "I'll shift a few traps I've got over his side of the spar tomorrow morning, but he's a harmless old coot."

"Don't you be too sure of that, Charlie," the buyer cautioned. "They reckon he had a shot at Fred Thompson once in one of his mad moods. He got some crazy idea that Fred was going to burn down his hut."

"Anyway it was probably that killer dingo he was talking about, not me," King countered, running his fingers through his mop of fair hair.

"Well, it might have been, but you take my advice, and be very careful."

Had he seen the hairy shadow flitting from tree to tree behind him the next morning, King would not have been so sanguine about old Bill's harmlessness. But he had no idea, when he came out of his hut in the half-light of early dawn, that a pair of fiery black eyes were peering at him from the scrub two hundred yards distant.

When the sun, peeping over the snow rim of the distant alps, splashed off the red gold of his tawny mop of yellow hair as he topped the ridge, the shafts of burnished bronze flashed in reflection as a smoldering, angry fire in the black eyes peering around the hole of a woolly butt, one hundred yards behind.

Dropping down the steep slope on the other side, King, who rarely wore a hat, raked his long hair back from his face with the brown, talon-like fingers of his right hand, oblivious of the blackbearded face of the man, flat on his stomach, following his every movement from the shelter of the broken clump in which he lay concealed, his rifle nestling against his weather-beaten cheek.

"Blust, he'll be out of range when he gets to my traps," muttered Hawkins, seizing the opportunity of King's occupation with a steep descent over a bad section to dart forward towards a kauri-jong tree further down the spot.

Before that objective was reached, King, instead of continuing down the hill to Hawkins' line of traps, stopped suddenly in a burrow, stooping down to pull a rabbit from one of his own sets. The trapper dived hurriedly to the cover of a big mountain ash, flattening himself against the trunk as the quarry stood erect.

"Damn this loose surface," he growled in an undertone, as a stone, freed by his hasty movement, bounced off down the hill. "That'll warn him he's being followed."

The ash was in a bad position for Hawkins. He could not peep round the bole without risk of



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discovery, so he crouched against the trunk, straining his ears for any sound which would give him a clue to the other's movements. Suddenly he saw King walking round the side of the gully, but working his way upwards all the time, and carrying two rabbits and three traps.

"I knew that damned stone would give me away," muttered Bill. "It must have scared him off. He won't come to go near my traps, or he'd have been caught red-handed, the blasted dog. Yellow King, that's what he is, blast him."

Waiting until the fair-haired trapper had disappeared, Hawkins worked his way down to the gully floor, then started along his line of traps, greedily surprised at the numbers of his catch.

"No doubt about it, it's him all right," said Bill aloud, when he had tallied up his take on arrival at his hut. "Twice as many as yesterday. Well, I'll get the prize. I know the line he works along now. We'll get him tomorrow, won't we, Fanny?" he added, caressing the stock of his rifle lovingly.

"Scared him off this morning, we did," muttered the latter during the afternoon as he cleaned, polished, and oiled the rifle, testing the action and examining the sights. "He'll come up that gully on my traps and we'll get him just like this."

Slipping in a cartridge and snapping home the bolt, the grained fingers turned under the barrel, the butt nestled into his shoulder, the foresight wavered momentarily, steadied, and the trigger

contracted. The report crashed from wall to wall of the gully and a foolhardy rabbit sitting up on the other side of the creek, one hundred yards away, leapt into the air, kicked spasmodically, then lay still.

"Just like that," repeated the old man, ejecting the spent shell and stroking the smooth butt with his hairy hand.

The kookaburra perched on the lowest branch of a tall mountain ash eyed the dull glint of the bluish rifle barrel with suspicion, but its inactivity, and that of the shadowy form behind the rock in the clump of wattles from which the bird protruded, deceived even this short-sighted watcher, for old Bill had gone to earth, and with the rapidity of a crouched tiger and the patience of a giant clam, watched and waited until his prey should come within range.

Even the blue wren in the wattle tops did not heed the silent hint of Hawkins' insidious breach as the sun glided, with flaming gold, the top of King's hat when the latter crossed the ridge a mile down the gully, edging his trap, with the furtive stealth of a stalking cat, from tree to tree to the ferns, wattles, and sassafras which cluttered its floor.

The dancing fire in Hawkins' staring, moist eyes was the only movement betraying the watcher peering down the gully as if he could follow every step bringing the hidden, but unsuspecting man closer to the range of the deadly fire, but occasional distant glimpses of the yellow head slipping through a thin patch in the undergrowth, or the poignant squeal of a rabbit

seized in a death grip, confirming that surmised progress, made that fire dance the more fiercely.

There! Between those wattles, a mere two hundred yards! Hawkins had selected and sighted at the dark spot before the yellow head poked its way tentatively out of the mark of the ferns beyond. He could not miss at that range.

"You're mist, you yellow cow!" Hawkins gloated as his trigger-finger took up the first pressure.

For the fool had stopped right between those wattles, standing shoulder high in bracken; the fool had stopped, turned his head as alarm, looked not up the gully at the grinning maniac behind the rifle, but down and away from the death poised above him.

The foresight varied the barest fraction, the prone body turned for the final act, the hooked finger completed its portentous movement and, like a blast from the anvil of a Than, the rifle crashed into action.

The redgold of the head jerked backwards, a piercing, agonising scream rent the air then, as the long fallen body thrashed in its death throes in the tall bracken, Bill Hawkins, with a yell of marauded terror, leapt to his feet to plunge as if all the demons of hell were thundering at his heels, crash through the scrub and dash over to the ridge without a backward glance.

Slipping, sliding, falling, he scrambled down the far gully to his hut, dived inside it, slammed the door, and, dropping the bar into place to secure it, collapsed to the floor beside the table.

For days Hawkins stayed inside

the hut, working out at dead of night to get wood and water, but after nearly a week some semblance of reasoning returned to him.

"They haven't found him," he assured himself that night. "They couldn't have found him, else they'd have been out to get me long ago. You're a damned old fool Bill Hawkins! They don't know you killed the yellow swine. They don't know, I tell you! Go into town as if nothing had happened!"

Sam McInnis was standing on the loading platform as old Bill turned the flea-bitten grey into the factory yard.

"Hallo, Bill," he greeted cheerfully. "Seen Charlie King about?"

"Eh?" Hawkins grabbed the seat with fiercely stammering fingers to control the sway of his body; only the heavy tangle of his beard hid from the other the witness of his face. With a tremendous effort at self-control, he managed to stammer out, "No. I — I been a bit crook, Sam. Been in bed for — for a week."

"Bad luck, Bill. I suppose you've come in for that terror, have you?" McInnis asked, apparently unaware of the old man's agitation. "Well, here it is."

"What's this for, Sam?" Hawkins was staring stupefied at the note which had been passed to him.

"Why, you silly old fool," the other rejoined. "That's for the Yellow King. Charlie was trailing him and saw you shoot him. He scalped him and claimed the bounty for you. Straight man, is Charlie King."

"Yeah, Yeah, Sam. I reckon he must be after all!"



"Who said, heaven will protect the Working Girl?"

"I do my work well, I'm just as good-looking as the other girls; I dress well. Why does the boss single me out for his trouble?"

Because, dear girl, you forget that "heaven helps those who help themselves".

You're a very nice girl, but evidently it hasn't occurred to you that a bath takes care only of part perspiration. It takes that little dab of Muns under each arm to keep you sweet and fresh all day or evening.

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MUM

takes the odour
out of perspiration

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It so happened that about this time it was necessary that I should take train from Albany to come back to this place where I work as penitence for my sins.

Through the early evening we rode, my fellow passengers, the Driver, the Guard and I.

Like an ebbing tide the night fell.

As a sword swallower cannot live by the sword alone, so neither can a man live by the cheer of speed and hustle and noise.

In the early night we ate swiftly, with one eye on the clock and the other on the butter, half-baked pie, cold potato, floured gravy, water-milked tea and bread, for which we paid the girl two shillings, far above the worth of the hospitality.

The Train took up its burden,

and before the hour of sleep arrived I had fought by all these delicious stratagems to keep my compartment vacant; the folded rug, bags on all the seats, a book or two thrown open on vacant seats, a crumpled newspaper, a spare hat covering the old leather (as if all the occupants were busy ONLY for a moment, on some urgent business elsewhere on the train), the whole pantomime chequered by a stolen sign: "RESERVED" painted with care across the glass door of my narrow refuge.

With metal warmer for pillow, another for footrest, tucked in rug, I lay stretched on the seat, secure from the cold, alone with my thoughts and the Promise of Sleep.

Waiting in the darkness for that peace and forgetfulness which



...the VILE and LIVELY thing

E. JAMES BECK

There's a great deal of novelty in train travel — if you can see it.

should fall like a gentle benediction at end of day, I saw the guard pass like a nightmare across my viewpoint of the lighted corridor.

I stirred uselessly, and felt those premonitions which are only fully understood by children and persons on their own head. Something evil, something not of the Faith, something unnatural to Froemen was promised by his presence, and I was all the more troubled because I could not define it.

It was like a man who hears a new sound, which only his instinct tells him is a threat, and although he has no experienced perception to guide him, he proceeds against the sound warily and with caution.

I took this premonition over into my sleep, and it colored all my dreams.

Before midnight the hours of sleep are soft and baby things; after midnight, in those deep and formless hours, the soul sings and dances in some pleasant place with its fellow (drinking wine, no doubt

and arguing), and the brain idly fingers memories.

This memorable night, in the darkened lonely carriage of the fleeing train, the fabric of my dreams was shot through with all the discomforts of my sleeping body.

This, I say, a marvellous thing, not clearly understood and seldom expressed; dreams are often filled, not only with memories, but also with the actual situation and objective reality of the sleep.

This night in my dreams I rode horse over obstacles which reared in my pockets and pressed hard against my body.

I jumped a horse over my pipe.

I rode through my tobacco pouch.

I lay my head along the neck of the galloping horse to avoid the clutches of my key chain, which hung from the sky.

Dreams are magic things filled with the stuff of tradition and love. I have known a dream where I

drove a coach and four through fairyland, and the coach was adorned like a new pair of riding breeches I possess.

I have lived in a green dream house, peeped, laughed, drank, worked and loved in that very substantial Gothic arched green house and the house was my big green overcoat.

As I rode my horse through my dream I heard a Voice:

A Voice Cold,
A Voice Vicious,
A Voice Imperative,
A Voice Whoddlng,
A Voice Glooming,
A Voice Commanding,
A Voice without Charm,
A Voice Diabolical,
A Voice Slimy,
A Voice that I have never heard before,
A Voice I pray God I will never hear again until the Judgment Day;

and this odious Thing said, in the midst of my pleasant dreams: "Tickets, Please!"

The Voice repeated the Litany, droning on like that insistent and devilish musical note which trembles before the body yields to final defeat under anaesthetic.

The Voice continued, cold, deadly, placid: "Tickets, Please!" I dropped from my horse.

I put away my dreams.
My soul, happy and joyous, enjoying I knew not what adventures, whispering to another, perhaps, immortal someone in some pleasant place, returned miserable to its reluctant cage before the night was done.

Before there was peaceful darkness, but now I blinked at the light

and the Face of the Thing with the Voice, the hideous Face of the Guard.

"Tickets, Please?"

The Thing had opened the glass doors and the wind and the cold dashed in and dashed round the room.

The wind crept shivering for comfort under my rug.

The cold beat like a blow against my face.

"Ticket, Please!"

Half asleep, I fumbled through my pockets:

The Odds and Ends pocket,
The Knife, Pencil, Pen and Rubber pocket,
The Apron pocket,
The Manuscript Pocket,
The Pocket where Notes are kept (when there are notes to keep),

The Handkerchief pocket,
The Small Change pocket,
and I found no ticket.

I half sat up, in the lighted compartment, clutching the rug to vanquish the wind and the cold.

The Thing with the Voice stood contentedly looking on, murmuring his invocation: "Tickets, Please!"

I found the ticket played under the lapel of my overcoat.

The Thing took it with the air of a connoisseur.

He lightly turned it over.

He held it against the light, as a man looks through his Burgundy at a candle.

He bent the ticket with care, and then, in earnest, he began the examination.

Seven other black winds: winds without name, winds from the Evil One; winds with their guardian devils, gleefully pushed past the

Thing with the Voice, and began the attack.

I was awake beyond redemption. I was chilled to the soul.

I knew I could not sleep again.

With the coming of the reinforcement of the cold, the idea broke across my mind like a whip crack.

I saw, as clearly as you see these words, the diabolical plot.

I saw the cancer, stripped of its nerve-centrals.

I saw the light.

They had all planned and directed it, from the Prime Minister, through all his Cabinets, their lords, lords, party reporters, usurers, monopolists and other catering, thieving, hanger on, through the Railway Chief and his Official Slaves right down to this Vile and Lovely Thing: this Guard with my Ticket.

In that moment I saw what the breakdown of Europe did to Christian men.

I saw with startling vividness the physical and spiritual advance of the new pagans and their evil, and for that instant I was struck with the horror of their despair and its final destiny in the worship of false gods.

It seemed as if the gods from the East, which our Fathers had fought and defied, keeping Europe safe for close on a thousand years, had finally over-run our battlements, the last perilous and poised defiance of Christian men, and our Europe was bedeviled by the barbarians.

The Guard waits and hides in some recess of the train during all those easy hours before midnight.

He waits with a watch in his

hand marking the passing of the hours.

At the Moment, he strikes.

The Thing, this night, chose that hour when the soul strongest desires its Lord, and death is near.

He woke me, with callous precision, at the hour when the wind shouts black defiance at the coming promise of the day.

He read slowly the face of the slip I had handed him and then, with maddening calmness, that the wind and the cold might thoroughly do their work and wake me beyond redemption, he turned the ticket over and read the small printed stuff on the back: "The Instructions to Passengers" (which he knew by heart), telling his Devil's Litany in an even, audible voice.

He gently punched the ticket.

Then seeing that I was up and awake and wide-eyed, the victory his, he smiled and said: "It's in order!" handed back the ticket.

He turned and put out the light to leave me to wakefulness and curses.

This Guard later met his Nemesis.

Tradition had its retribution.

One night, in the wind and rain, he woke a man in a sleeping berth. The man he woke was a Politician, travelling free because of his immense value to the country, who had, I do not doubt, originally framed this law.

I see in this situation the sublime irony the Greeks first created, and our Medieval fathers perfected.

This irony flamed through all Medieval plays: Death, suitably undressed, always hovers in the



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background of the stage and the audience knew (and appreciated a joke hidden from the rest of the players), that it mattered not whether the hero got the girl, or the villain got the bird: for Death got the bag.

In this situation a hint of irony survived.

The Politician who had framed this infamous thing was himself caught in its application, and he lost what is dearly held by Angels and Honest Men, and only Knave and Devil's despair: he lost his sleep.

The Guard lost his job (the one time when I entirely agreed with the actions of a Politician), and now pulls beer behind a bar in a dirty hotel on the waterfront. I know all this to be true, and he is still there.

One day I hope that we may make pilgrimage to this place, not to pose my poem, nor to drink beer (the Saints protect us!), but that we may stand awe-struck in the doorway and watch those men with laughing eyes from ships who come in full of salt and the sea and marvel at the Freedom which they have, and we have lost.

They are the only Freedom left, and we may sadly gaze on this rare sight and remember the Freedom our Fathers fought so hard to hand us as heritage, and we have lost.

And we may all pray together for the days of its return.

If you do not one day see this rare sight you will pass an unhappy childhood and a lonely old age.

Not that I care.

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JUNE 1946

long, and his calloused hands were those of a typical miner.

As the buyer's fingers ran through the gold, his lips were pursed in thought, as though estimating its worth. He talked for a while, and then excused himself.

Returning, he set about weighing the gold. He was interrupted by the entry of two troopers. When

the mines had been arrested, they turned to the buyer and asked a simple question: How did he know that the gold had been stolen?

The answer was given as simply *Why?* the man answered, *he had bought these nuggets once before; they were, in fact, part of his own consignment which had been placed aboard the Nelson.* —



JOHN HOWARD

Payne was born in 1791. His nursery was the streets which lined the New York waterfront, his companions wharf-side lurchers. Yet Payne became one of the best-known men of his time.

As a boy, he was constantly scribbling — small scraps of verse, stories, and plays, written on odd pieces of paper. When he was in his teens, he won a scholarship which took him to college, where he began to write seriously. He made a little money and determined to make writing his career.

Success did not come immediately and, once, he was forced by adversity to gather a bunch of original plays and song lyrics and sell them for £250.

Later he was to regret his act — for one of the lyrics was to

win a fortune for its publishers. It was "Home Sweet Home" — written during a period when his work had carried him away from his native city. It was typical, also, of Payne's love for New York that later, while he was supervising the production of an eminently successful play in London, he should abruptly curtail his season and answer a nostalgic urge to return home.

He had been extremely successful as a librettist, playwright, and actor. But with the years, his pen began to fail him, and he slipped back to the poetry from which he had arisen.

He died in 1852 — in pathetic circumstances. For John Howard Payne, writer of the song which means so much to exiles — died lonely and in debt, in a foreign land.



PETER TIMMER

may lived a simple life, rising early, cooking

his own meals and going daily to the shipyard where he was employed. He was not Dutch, but the

people of Zaardam did not resent his presence among them. He made no friends, did not mix with his workmates, and was indeed, silent and aloof.

At the shipyard he was respected for a willing worker, a man who was industrious and eager to learn.

When Peter Timmerman had completed his apprenticeship he disappeared. But in 1700, a freeporter commenced to work in a British shipyard. His fellows called him Peter, and few knew his surname. Still aloof, he continued to be the industrious worker who had served his apprenticeship at Zaardam. He came to work in rough, workman's clothes and carried his meal in a handkerchief.

In London, however, he no longer cooked his own meals, in fact, he maintained a large establishment and a huge staff of servants. Then, suddenly, he disappeared again: for Peter was a man in search of knowledge, and he had learnt all the shipwrights

could teach him. He was now a watchmaker's assistant — a humble man whose fingers, coarsened by rough work at the shipyards near handied the minute wheels and springs of nautical clocks.

But no longer was he able to hide his identity, and his actions were the subject of covert criticism. But for this he cared little, for his task was nearly finished.

Quietly, persuasively, he spoke to the men with whom he had worked — the men of the shipyards, and those who had guided his fingers as they had fumbled with watch parts.

Peter collected a small army of agents and artists. And the day came when, with them, he boarded a ship to return to his own country. For the humble shipwright and watchmaker was of Royal blood — a king who had left his country in order to study the ship-building methods of others.

Thus, Peter the First, Tsar of all the Russians, went home.



THE year was

1651, and the seething over-populated India was writhing under the heel of its native oppressors. Thousands died in poverty, millions more lived under a tyranny from which death would have been a merciful release — and in Delhi the Shah Jehan lived in fabulous luxury.

Shah Jehan had everything, but in his heart, too, was unhappiness. For among all his possessions, that

which he rated the highest would soon be lost to him.

Hourly, he crept into the room in which lay his eldest daughter, the Padshah Begum, and always he left with heavy dread upon him. His physicians had told him that there was no hope for her; that the 22-year old girl would soon pass away.

In vain, he offered his physicians anything they might ask, if her life could be saved. But they could

sely shake their heads. Then his Grand Vizier made a suggestion: there were English ships at Surat; perhaps one of the men of medicine aboard could cure the Begum Padshah?

One of them came — a man who needed no bribes, no persuasion, where a life was at stake. And when the Shah took the hand of Gabriel Broughton and begged that the life of the Princess be spared, the Englishman promised to do what he could.

Within a few days, the Princess was pronounced to be out of danger, and the grateful Shah of-

fered the whole physician any reward he chose.

Broughton, although young, was wise. He could have had great wealth, or an important post in the State. But these he refused and, instead, he asked that his countrymen should have liberty to trade, free of all duty, in Bengal.

The Shah, surprised, granted his request — and from the payment of Gabriel Broughton's fee the East India Company dated its first great stride towards that final eminence of wealth and power which terminated in British rule over India.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



TWO men sat at breakfast. Serving their needs was a little old lady who, as the men talked, busied about the room humming a melody. Suddenly one of the men lifted a finger for silence and listened. When the old lady had stopped humming, he asked her where she had heard the tune.

She couldn't remember. Perhaps she had heard it many years before, perhaps it was of her own making. But the man, John Woodcock Graves, knew that the melody must be kept, if not for posterity, then for his own circle of hunting friends. He went to the piano and composed a lyric.

The words dealt with the hunting exploits of the man with whom he was sharing breakfast — his greatest friend, John Peel. Peel, pleased with the tune, suggested that Graves himself should sing

it that night at a hunting party.

The song was a great success, for in it was expressed the spirit of hunting . . . the lift of flying hovers . . . the sound of the huntsman's horn.

When he died, his memory lived still in song, then Graves, too, died, forgotten — forgotten until hunters of another generation decided that his last resting place should bear a monument.

But where was he buried? Some said that he lay in a little cemetery near his home, but a search there produced no result.

Not for many years was Graves' resting place discovered. It was under a tree in a tiny cemetery at Queensborough, Tasmania. It is an ironic fact that, having contributed so much to English tradition, the creator of John Peel should have been claimed by the soil of Aus-
tralia.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHE

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Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, a standard-diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 45 years. Doan's gives happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous waste from your blood.

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DOAN'S

Backache Kidney Pills

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Talking Points

*** COVER GIRL:** Just about the last place a photographer looks for his models is within his own office. But MAUREEN MCCABE defied precedent and the resultant shot makes this month's CAVALCADE cover. Maureen is in her early 30's, is 5 ft. 2 in., and weighs 7 stone 4 lbs. She has few hobbies — because, she says, she's too busy keeping her boss, John Lee's, studio in order.

* We're a bit grouchy this morning — the usual, maybe, of never learning the wisdom of not sticking our chin out. Here is the punch which set us back on our heels.

"For some time, I have been a reader of your magazine, and it appeals to me as a publication that anyone can enjoy. However, one article (in the February issue) aroused me to a point where I feel it necessary to register a protest.

The article, *I Was a Broadway Addict*, is untruthful, not because of the subject, of course, for any subject should be discussed freely, but the writer puts the matter in a false light because the facts are inflated, inaccurate . . . Drug addiction, or usage, is a really serious procedure, and readers of your magazine, seeing from it marks of life, cannot all disassociate between the purely personal experience of a single individual (whose knowledge is limited, like a drunk who seldom knows his condition until too late, he naturally misrepresents something which he is obviously afraid to say in its true light) and the more noted newspaper-read for all to try." (Ed. L.L.)

Back in our corner, our printer came to our aid by moving another letter on our face.

"I am a patient in a Sydney M.H.

itory Hospital. I recently read, in CAVALCADE, the article *So You've Got a Warden Leg?* Impressed, I showed it to our Red Cross rep., who, also impressed, had the article reworded and distributed among the legion patients.

"You may be interested to know that the article was very favourably received by these men."

(Ed. G.W.W.)

First, our reply to L.L.: As you say in the latter part of your letter, it's impossible for us to know what our readers think unless they tell us — and, believe me, letters of criticism are just as valuable a guide in shaping our line-up as those written in praise.

Still, we submit that the story, indeed, related to "a purely personal experience," that the author mentioned that his comments were at odds with medical opinion, and that such medical opinion was actually quoted in the article.

One inference, we feel, which may have been gained from publication of the article was that benevolence should not be so easily obtainable as it apparently is.

Now our reply to G.W.W.: Thanks — and we're glad, sincerely glad, to have been a help, if any.

* **PREVIEW:** This, we think, is — the best issue of CAVALCADE to date. It's difficult to single out one story that stands above the others, so we'll mention a few titles and let it go at that. There's the *Man Who Invented Jitterbugging*, *Banker Alone*, a cheery little piece about an unusual occupation, *What's Your Indulgent?* an article which may put you in the way of getting a divorce.



IN EMPIRE AIR DEVELOPMENT.

1925 Aerial Service in Eastern Australia.

Charlton to Chelmsbury, Black Queensland and Northern Territory Aerial Service. **QANTAS**. — 1925

1927 Aircraft to be manufactured in Australia under license from overseas. A DH50A, built by Qantas at Longreach. — 1924

1927 Flying Doctor service established in Australia by Qantas of Gloucester. — 1928

1928 Official experimental Airways between Australia and Britain, in association with Imperial Airways. — 1931

1927 Four-engined Puma used in Australia. — by Qantas on Brisbane-Sydney service (a DH-60). — 1925

1927 Through flying boat service to Singapore by Qantas and-in association with Imperial Airways—to London. — 1935

1927 Regular Crossing of the Indian Ocean — the world's longest air hop by Qantas in accordance with I.O.A.C. with Catalinas. — 1943

1928 with I.O.A.C. and Trans- Empire Airways. Qantas confirms established policy to fully support British Air Transport in Empire routes — to help maintain British Empire Air supremacy in the revolutionary developments in the Age of Flight. — 1946



Qantas Empire Airways

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